JOHN BULL, week ending JANUARY 17, 1942.

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1857

3D EVERY THURSDAY

FOOD: HOW HUDSON CAN HELP

UNITED NATIONS IN ACTION by A.C.C.

WICKED FUEL FAKE EXPOSED

. . . AND WE DON'T HAVE TO PAY ANY INCOME TAX

. . . . . We've already got £60 worth of National Savings Certificates, which will be worth £82 in 10 years, and we don't pay any Income Tax on the increase . . . . . Do you wonder that we're going on buying

NATIONAL

SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

The "Tax Free" Investment

Issued by the National Savings Committee

'Take my case'

says

Mrs. Faraway

"Keeping house for forty-five million people, as he does, is no joke, I'm sure," says Mrs. Faraway. "But all the same I do think Lord Woolton might have left our eggs alone. We country people never seem to find as much in our shops as you townsfolk do in yours—we can't make up with a tin of this or that. But we could, most weeks in the year, get eggs from the farm. Now you've taken even those from us. Is it fair?"

Do you remember, Mrs. Faraway, that in the winter of 1917-18 eggs cost as much as 9d. each? A very few could afford them. The others had to go without. In this war, too, in the towns, many people never had sight of an egg before the present scheme. Is is fairer for a very few people to have as many eggs as they please, or for everybody to have his two or three a month?

And as for buying "a tin of this or that"—well, Mrs. Faraway, the Ministry of Food has made that possible for you now with the Points scheme.

Mind you, we don't pretend that everything in the garden is always lovely, Mrs. Faraway. Things are bound to be difficult in war-time and we have our troubles and make our mistakes too. We know you're doing a grand job on the Kitchen Front—so

thank you, Mrs. Faraway!

MF Min. of Food

FOOD FACTS No. 77. THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

Clara Carrot

Clara Carrot is the picture of health, though the neighbours say she leads a double life. Sometimes she's a sweet, sometimes she's a savoury: it all depends on how you treat her. She adds piquancy to meat, fish and vegetable dishes; and in puddings, pies and cakes, she's sweet and spicy. She's the mainstay of

Parisian Pudding

6 ozs. flour, 4 ozs. finely grated raw carrot and potato, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 2 tablespoons sugar, Level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch of salt, 1 cupful of sultanas and raisins, 2 ozs. fat. Cream fat and sugar, add carrot, potato, flour, spice and raisins. Mix well together. Add fruit. Add water if necessary to make a stiff dropping consistency. Steam for 2 hours at least. Serves 3 or 4. *A sweet that needs little sugar!*

CV

The correct way to make Horlicks is—and always has been—*to mix it with water only*, as milk is one of its ingredients. If you like Horlicks hot, use water that is just off the boil. Never use *boiling* water.

We ask you to be patient when your chemist or grocer runs out of Horlicks. Our reduced supplies are being distributed as evenly and fairly as possible.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. Then 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). *Including Purchase Tax.* Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. *(Including Purchase Tax.)* Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

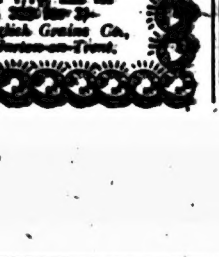
After every meal

CLARNICO MITCHAM MINTS

PER 3d OZ.

No increase in price

CVS-175



That's how everyone wants to feel—and needs to feel today. There was never greater need for Energy, Vitality, Strength and Confidence. Vitamin Yeast, in the highly concentrated, convenient form of Yestamin Tablets, will enable you to overcome Fatigue, Strain and Depression—will protect you against Colds, 'Flu, Indigestion, Constipation and other common ailments. Yestamin is a pure tonic food—*entirely free from drugs*—rich in body-building nerve-strengthening vitamins. You can take it at any time, but best of all at meal-times, because its action on other foods greatly increases *their* goodness. Make Yestamin a regular family ration—not forgetting the children. Start NOW on this simple road to Health and Strength that costs only a penny a day.

Of all Chemists.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin Yeast Tablets

100 for 1/1½, 225 for 2/7, 500 for 5/-

The English Grains Co., Ltd., Burton-on-Trent.

The Smile of Confidence

We've got to smile these days but let's be careful of our smiles. Whatever risks we run, we need not risk our teeth. Above all don't risk using a tooth-paste which uses abrasives to secure whiteness. It must wear away that thin white line of enamel which alone prevents decay. Test your tooth-paste to-night. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there's the least trace of grittiness change to Odol. All dentists know Odol is absolutely safe yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Boulder-lining purifies for mineral teeth. Odol Tooth Powder cleans White Teeth and Plates beautifully. 2/3 a tin.

Keep the winning **Odol** *Smile!*

Tooth-paste 7½, 1/3, 1/10½ Solid Dentifrice, 7½. Including Purchase Tax.

"and did those Mars Bars taste good!"

"Field operations with the Home Guard can be pretty exhausting, take it from me. After a three or four hours' spell, one's energy may well begin to flag. The other Sunday, for instance, the men in my Section were all a bit whacked, when a little mobile canteen drew up outside the post selling MARS bars. In a flash the fellows had just swarmed around it. And did those MARS bars taste good! But it was the effect that was so extraordinary. Every man jack of us seemed to take on a new lease of energy and cheerfulness."

Each bar of Mars still contains just those vital calories—the fuel element of food—we need, still possesses that unique flavour and delicious malted centre, but Mars Bars are now rationed. Therefore when you come across any, ask yourself: am I one of the people who needs the energy they supply? . . . and act accordingly.

Calories you get for 2½d. Eggs—66; Milk—190; Bread—125; Mars—270

Mars

Grand Food—Grand Flavour!

2½

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 17, 1942.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

MORIBUND

● **Welfare committees are supposed to look after the troops, to provide them with sports facilities, rest rooms and so on.**

The actual work is done by Welfare Officers appointed by the committee and given the honorary rank of captain. Usually they are local business men who do an excellent job of work when they get the committee's support.

There's the rub.

Most of the committees are formed of elderly bigwigs—retired colonels and titled women who rarely bother to meet.

Indeed, we know one county committee that, graced by much-decorated veterans of previous wars, has never met at all.

There is another county where not even the honorary captains trouble to justify their appointment.

For the sake of the troops whose "welfare" mustn't be allowed to get to a low ebb, we suggest that High Authority should take the trouble to investigate the position.

Straight from the Shoulder

CAN WE INVADE?

WITHOUT hesitation or reservation, "the Yanks are coming." We shall give them as grand a welcome as they have given to our air trainees in the U.S.

And when they come, it is said, we shall be all set to invade the Continent.

Shall we? JOHN BULL thinks not.

Not Ready Yet

There is a lot to learn before we can give Hitler his death-blow, to say nothing of applying the lessons we have already learnt.

We have got to change many of our methods. Harder still, we must amend our mental attitude towards the war.

Three Rounds

At first, the war was mainly fought out at sea. Then came the terrific air battles that staved off the invasion of Britain.

Now, we are told, the job has passed to the land forces.

What dangerous nonsense! What a confusing misconception of the task before us!

Proved by Events

This war will be won only by land, sea and air forces employed in complete co-operation.

Without that co-operation, the Russian offensive would have been ineffective. Without it, we could not have triumphed in Libya.

Without it, we have suffered bitter losses in the Far East—as we did in Crete.

Divided We Fall

And co-ordination of the armed forces is still to be attained here in Britain.

There is jealousy between the Services. There are obstinate individualists in the War Office, the Navy and Adastral House.

Consequently, there is a failure to use our forces to their best advantage.

Defend the 'Dromes!

Our bombing policy seems to bear little relation to the military situation.

Until lately, aerodrome defence was a matter for bickering between the Army and the R.A.F. But now, by all that is incredible, a new force is to be raised to guard the pivots of our safety.

Yes, more than seven months after the loss of the Crete aerodromes! More than eighteen months since Britain was first threatened with invasion!

Judgment Deferred

We cannot tell yet whether the new system will be adequate. We must reserve judgment until we know if the R.A.F. guards are to be supported by powerful forces of troops armed with tanks and guns, and whether they will operate from positions strong enough to withstand dive-bombing.

We must wait and see. But we should not wait long, for patience is no virtue when it is taxed by needless delay and inexcusable bungling.

Heads of Bone

There has been, and still is, incompetent bungling in other forms of defence.

We are still dismayed by fossilised Brass Hats who talk and think of fixed "lines" rather than fluid defences.

Still we read of our troops "taking up positions on a new line" and "successfully withdrawing to a prepared line."

Lines—in this war of fast movements, of sweeping assaults by tanks and lorry-borne infantry!

Not Cricket

And there are commanders who think not merely in terms of the last war but of the days when the Army was an affair of scarlet and gold.

They are more anxious that troops should be taught the Guards' slow march than to develop the dash and enterprise of the Commandos.

They disapprove of the Commandos' raids. "Not cricket, you know," to take the enemy by surprise!

Padded Shirts

No. To them it is better that the troops should be taught to pad socks and shirts with cardboard so that they will appear neat at kit inspection.

To them it is a horrifying revolution that the Army Council should dare to restrict the limits of "spit and polish."

Bullet Fodder!

Quietly, they flout the instruction that brass equipment should be kept dull so as not to attract the attention of enemy 'planes or snipers.

They have yet to learn that even a soldier's life is not cheap.

When the Prime Minister was expected to visit one unit, all brass had to be highly polished. Then someone realised that an Army Council member would probably accompany Mr. Churchill. So two hours before his arrival, the brasses were hurriedly dulled.

Will He Blink!

The same unit is soon to be visited by a brigadier. He'll find the brasses as highly-polished as ever, for any soldier found with "dirty brasses" would lose his leave for three months.

Thus are soldiers trained to be "gentlemen's gentlemen" instead of fighters.

Are They Fit!

Quite a few generals have been removed. Quite a few colonels should be transferred to positions where they could do invaluable work.

We should also make sure that generals are medically fit when they are given high commands. The higher the command, the stiffer should be the medical examination.

Sir Alan Cunningham is probably not the only commander for whom the strain has proved too much.

Muddle on the Home Front

Moreover, before we think of invading Europe we should make quite sure that all our Ministers are competent. Muddle on the Home Front can prove as serious an obstacle as mud on the battlefield.

There should indeed be a tightening-up of our entire organisation.

Empty Bunkers

We are short of coal, thanks to bad organisation.

We have only 3,000,000 tons in reserve instead of the 20,000,000 we require.

When JOHN BULL urged the release of miners from the Army, Ministers heavily derided the suggestion.

But they're being released now—a year late.

Why Production Lags

Let us beware lest the same sorry muddle arises from the call-up of key-men in industry.

For production, though mighty good, could be even mightier. It is hampered by red tape, by poor organisation, by some purblind managements.

Talk It Over

Joint boards of workers and executives have worked wonders in many factories. But there are also many, many factories where the workers are not encouraged to speed-up production.

So bad faults go unremedied, good ideas unheard.

In Confidence

Here and there, workers have unjustifiably believed that their employers were making excess profits. A balance sheet stuck up on the factory walls has removed the suspicion—and, production has risen.

That, too, is an innovation to develop.

Giant Octopus

Above all, we must deal with vested interests who impede the national effort. Waste rubber is but one scandal of many.

Less obvious, even more dangerous, are those monopolies that exert a stranglehold on some State Departments.

We now need public control over the official "controls."

Rampant Evil

Bureaucracy must be kept in check. Lord Perry's report anticipated the sort of co-operation necessary in the distributive trades, but it is no less necessary in others.

All waste of man-power and machinery must be ruthlessly eliminated. To do that, we must start at the top and thin the ranks of bureaucrats.

Plan, Organise, Produce! Then use that production skilfully!

Desperation

The task is urgent because a desperate foe will not call a halt until American industry can produce the incredible supplies it has promised.

The more desperate he becomes, the more dangerous he'll be.

Moving South!

He failed to launch his invasion of Spain, timed for Christmas, because he failed after all to gain the French Fleet.

But he is putting the screw on Vichy again. He is massing forces in the Balkans to threaten Turkey.

Sure, Not Swift

We know that his tank, 'plane and U-boat production has increased in recent months. We know he is still strong despite his losses in Russia.

But we also know that the Allied resources make our victory sure, though it will not be swift.

It will be far slower than need be unless we cut away the deadwood that litters our way.

(Continued overleaf)

NEW GAP IN NATIONAL DEFENCE

● **"Save to Defend" is one of the best slogans inspired by the war. But it seems to be losing its appeal.**

There has been a decided drop in the weekly rate of National Savings.

Blame the results of Christmas expenditure, blame the January bills and higher income-tax—blame what you will, the fact remains grim.

Grim is the word. For that "Save to Defend" slogan tells the literal truth.

Withhold savings, and the country's defences are breached and its offensive weakened.

JOHN BULL does not intend to point the moral.

But we suggest that the Government should frankly make the situation clear to every citizen.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHY are A.F.S. men denied the cost-of-living bonus granted to regular firemen?

Is it because officialdom considers they do not need to eat or maintain their families—that they are, in fact, just bomb-fodder?

Warning

Again, why is promotion given to newcomers whose fire-fighting experience is negligible, but denied to seasoned veterans who hitherto have been considered good enough to give lectures and demonstrations?

We expect no official answer. Instead, we inform officialdom that discontent with the new N.F.S. autocracy is growing.

Democracy!

Different ideas about democracy are also causing trouble.

A Canadian subaltern and his company of highly skilled "specialists" were attached to a famous Home Counties regiment. It was the Canadian custom to celebrate pay-day at the local inn, and the officer went along as "one of the boys."

There, they were overheard calling him by his Christian name. And so a severe reprimand awaited him on his return to the officers' mess.

He Left

Said the subaltern: "My men and I came 3,000 miles to fight for democracy. On parade we are as regimental as you, but off parade we're buddies, and we're going to stay that way."

Whereupon he packed his kit, left the mess, and for the remainder of his stay with the regiment shared a cubicle with one of his sergeants.

We're not saying he was right—though his company has not had one case of absence without leave during its two years in Britain. We do suggest that British methods are not necessarily the best for Dominion troops.

Dignity Preserved

It is even possible that British methods are not always best for the British.

Thus, when three young officers have to leave their unit before 7 a.m., it hardly seems necessary that nine cooks, batmen and orderlies should have to get up at four.

Or, when a colonel's car breaks down, for a private saloon to be hired at £1 a day rather than use an ordinary Army car.

Progress

However, minor improvements can be noted. At one time, if an Army vehicle had to be sent to a civilian engineer for heavy repairs, forty-six forms had to change hands.

Now, to save paper, that number has been reduced to a couple of dozen. Of course, it could all be done as well with six.

We're Sorry

On one point, JOHN BULL has been in error about the Army. We admit it frankly and fully.

Recently we stated that Army pay clerks at Leicester had to do seven consecutive days' fire watch (in addition to their ordinary duties) every month.

We should have said, it seems, every *three weeks*. So we can understand, better than ever, why Army pay mistakes arise—for tired men are not always accurate.

Muddle

From that office, recently, a form was sent to every soldier's wife with one or more children.

One woman did not appear to have returned the form, as requested. She was threatened with stoppage of her allowance unless she did so immediately.

She wrote in despair to say she had already filled up three forms and sent them back. Eventually, all three were found—they had been sent on from one department to another until they had become lost in the complicated tangles of red tape!

Sick Man!

Luckily exempt from such military drudgery is a young bachelor jockey. He has been found unfit for service.

Which makes it strange that he was fit enough to ride in a two-mile hurdle race recently.

Mr. Bevin was Missing

Now for a titbit to make Mr. Bevin furious.

He was expected to visit an aircraft factory near London. All work was shelved for two days and two nights while the place was "polished up."

Mr. Bevin did not arrive.

Unwanted Skill

It's a pity, indeed, that he cannot be in a dozen places at once. For quite a lot of his employment exchanges need enlivening by his presence.

One of them has offered two jobs to a fit man of university education, who has had years of experience on progress work in American factories and as a wages clerk here.

He can take his choice of labouring at a paper works or warming up cold food for night workers!

Full Up

Moreover, a strong and keen woman has been told at a Glasgow exchange that there were no part-time war work vacancies in the city.

Indeed, she was informed that there are more applications than vacancies. But has not Mr. Bevin himself appealed for part-timers?

Time to Kill!

More women could be made available if shoppers were more reasonable and shops less accommodating.

In a London shop last week a woman took up an assistant's time for two hours, then demanded the services of a senior, left without buying anything, and incidentally revealed that she had already spent *five* hours in another shop without getting what she sought.

It might be added that no young assistant has been released for war work by the first shop.

Hospital Muddle

Some readers have been surprised by our mention of hospitals so overcrowded that patients are discharged before their wounds are healed.

They tell us of hospitals with 500 beds empty.

Exactly. That is why we demanded a complete reorganisation of hospital accommodation.

Pound of Flesh

Another hospital refuses to treat a reader's child, who needs an operation for septic tonsils, unless a fee of ten guineas is paid.

The municipal clinic has been bombed-out; its patients cannot go to the hospital because the local council will not pay the sum demanded.

So our reader's boy is in danger of developing mastoiditis.

Safety Rules

Undoubtedly there was negligence in the case of the young man who died during a hospital operation because someone had mixed up the tubes of the anæsthetic apparatus.

And there have been a disturbing number of these needless deaths in recent years.

It is nonsense to plead that mistakes will happen. They cannot be allowed to happen in hospitals—and wouldn't if all sources of possible danger were checked, checked again, and then rechecked before use.

Easy Money

Unearned income is the £2 a night collected by a Smart Alec in a northern town.

So many troops are there that the only theatre does big business. Alec diverts a little business to his own pockets by buying up blocks of 3s. tickets in advance and selling them privately at 5s. each.

Not Guilty

Because of another dodge, the Post Office is unfairly getting a bad name.

More and more traders advertise parcels for troops, "plus postage." And plus postage doesn't always mean Post Office rates; often it includes high prices for packing.

Now the P.M.G. is wondering whether to make it illegal to state postage charges that are actually higher than the official rates.

Delay!

One of his departments has a nice sense of caution.

A man we know wanted the 'phone put on. He duly signed an agreement, read the accompanying notice that because of war conditions there might be delay in carrying out the work, and resigned himself to wait for months.

The job was completed within twenty-four hours.

Letter of the Law

Mr. Herbert Morrison's slumping reputation will hardly be raised by his decision in the case of Police Constable Garton, whose death in a Hull air raid left his twelve-year-old girl an orphan.

For twenty-seven years the constable had paid his subscriptions in the superannuation scheme. The Hull authorities wanted to use that money to give the little girl a chance in life.

But, no! Mr. Morrison insists on the letter of the law—and the money must go to Government funds, a drop of water in the limitless oceans, while the child will presumably go to the workhouse.

Of Course Not!

Not quite so heartless, fortunately, is a London public assistance committee. See how it treats an aircraft worker who is undergoing a series of plastic operations for leg injuries.

He has a wife and three young children. And the P.A.C. actually allows him 45s. a week.

He should go back to a special hospital this week. It's forty-five miles away, and the fare is stiff.

The P.A.C. naturally won't pay it, so presumably the lame man will have to hitch-hike. He can't expect everything just because he was disabled while trying to help his fellows during a heavy raid, can he?

Out of Mischief

To end on a pleasanter note:

Nazis are worried by increasing thefts of Army boots in the Occupied Countries.

The best armed and equipped soldier in the world is reduced to ridiculous impotence without his boots!

Behind the News

● **Germans who remember 1918 are offering four times the pre-war rates for pound and dollar notes in "Black Bourses" since U.S.A. entry into the war and defeats in Russia.**

● *Collection figures of old rags for Nazi troops in Russia show that only one in four families have subscribed.*

● Near-starvation in Finland has created civil war conditions. Foreign Minister Passakivi has gone to Sweden to beg peace mediation with Britain and Russia.

● **To stiffen Italian morale Nazis have appointed "joint" commanders, adjutants, and special machine-gun sections in all Italian regiments. Their orders are final.**

● *Nevertheless, Germany is finding it difficult to keep Italy in the war. Since Libyan débâcle Italian factory output is down by a further 35 per cent., passive resistance societies are springing up.*

● Rommel's "illness" absence in Germany is poor camouflage for his future dismissal—or other liquidation. Medical fact is that movement of blackwater fever patient means certain death.

● **Truth is that tank expert Guderian was ordered to relieve Rommel after Tobruk defeat. He refused—only general known to defy Hitler—and his fate is now being speculated.**

● *The Nazis have their eyes on Hungary, want to take it over completely as a supply base for future attack on Turkey.*

● Local Nazi bosses are furious because the military High Command insists on call-up of all men under forty no matter what their standing in the Nazi organisation.

● Baron Thermann, Nazi Ambassador in the Argentine, has been called home to report, not so much on political issues but as administrator of the vast fortunes which Nazi leaders have invested in South America.

● **Hitler planned a purge of several leading generals, but was advised there would not be enough experienced senior officers to supplant them.**

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

FOOD: HOW HUDSON CAN HELP!

UNDER conditions of total war we who live in this land must try as far as possible to live *on* it. Farms and factories are both essential to Britain's production drive, but food is vital.

Agriculture must be regarded henceforth as a basic industry in Britain's production drive.

We are told that farming has made great progress since the war began. So it has. We started with 9,000,000 arable acres, and have put another 5,000,000 acres under the plough since then. Still another 1,000,000 acres will be ready for seed when the present ploughing programme is complete.

This is undeniably a big achievement, but it is not big enough.

Mr. Hudson, Minister of Agriculture, now says there is still much grassland which could be profitably ploughed.

JOHN BULL agrees with him, but asserts that the main objective should be to obtain maximum yield per acre from our total arable land.

Agricultural experts maintain that our present production of home-grown food is no more than 60 per cent. of what it could be.

We must have that other 40 per cent.

How are we to get it?

No doubt some of our existing corn land needs a short rest under grass or other crops, but, as against this, boldly conceived drainage schemes would bring a more than compensating area of derelict land into cultivation.

And now is the time for bold measures. Now is the time when it is better to take risks than risk failure, because, now America is grappling with her huge armament programme and the war has spread to the Pacific, we must reckon on some reduction in food supplies.

Labour and machinery are the chief problem. It is essential to leave enough skilled men on the land to train and direct unskilled recruits of both sexes.

But JOHN BULL does *not* oppose the call-up of young men who are not genuine land workers at all. There are many of these who sought refuge from conscription in agriculture. All rabbits can be safely de-reserved. The genuinely trained farm hand is in a different category altogether.

We want far more girls working on the farms. The Women's Land Army has placed about 21,000 girls already as against the last war's peak figure of 16,000, but far more women could be used were they given the welcome they deserve.

PROGRESSIVE-MINDED farmers are finding these girls invaluable. They are most of them good and willing workers, eager to learn. Prejudice, where it exists, will have to be broken down.

In most parts of Scotland and in the North of England women workers have always been an essential part of agricultural economy.

County Committees have not done enough to overcome the stupid general prejudice against the Women's Land Army. From now onwards this prejudice *must* be broken down.

Genuine farm labourers *ought* to have been classed as essential workers at the outbreak of war. Then, County Committees could have distributed these key-men in such a way as to make the growing employment of land girls keep pace with the increase of arable acres.

But it is no use to cry over spilt milk or lost men. Instead, we must make the best use of available resources.

Captured Italians willing and trained to work on the land number many thousands. Some 7,000 of them are here already, and another 21,000 have been promised.

In the Home Counties and the Midlands these Italian prisoners are doing good work, but much of their time is wasted in travelling between camps and farms.

JOHN BULL urges the Government to hasten the supply of suitable prisoners of war and to let the trustworthy ones stay on the farms wherever possible.

Prisoners of war make excellent supplementary workers under direction, and for seasonal work when extra hands are needed. Meanwhile, they could and should be used in gangs for draining and ditching, scrub clearing and other reclamation work. Hostels and huts will have to be provided where these are still necessary.

By any and every means in the nation's power we must supply the farmers with labour as and when and where they need it.

Last year much help was given by schoolboys and by troops temporarily lent to the farms.

This year a much bigger and better organisation of the same kind could relieve seasonal demands throughout the country.

Now, machinery. In two years more than two million horse-power has been added to our farm equipment, and still there is a shortage.

Tanks and 'planes will virtually monopolise our production of new machinery, and that makes it doubly necessary for the County Committees to go ahead with the organisation of farm machinery pools.

Some of these Committees have been afraid to buy caterpillar tractors and gyrotillers for dealing with derelict land. Their more enterprising neighbouring counties will simply have to lend them wherever possible.

Similarly, Committees should immediately list all tractor and machine stocks held by contractors and farmers so that the whole of this machinery may be kept in perpetual and productive motion. New and second-hand prices must also be controlled.

How necessary all this is will be clear when it is recalled that in this country, out of 380,000 farms, there are only 46,000 bigger than 150 acres.

And much of the land newly ploughed and yet to be ploughed has been rescued from the jerry builder, golf courses, parks, commons and moors. This is putting a big strain on the Committee's machinery.

THEN Mr. Hudson should wake up the County War Agricultural Committees. They are getting into the hands of the bureaucrats and they are strangling the farmers with red-tape form filling.

The Minister of Agriculture should make it clear that it is *not* the Government's policy to take over any willing man's farm, but only to ensure maximum yield from all alike.

Grade A farmers must be persuaded to lend all temporarily idle labour and machinery to less efficient neighbours. Grade B farmers should be assisted into the grade A group.

And the grade C men, far from being treated as hopeless, *must* be given sympathetic help and advice and special attention. *Hitherto, the authorities have too often regarded them as petty nuisances, and, as such, they have been either neglected or even persecuted.*

The men who are growing our food should be freed as far as possible from the exasperating coils of red-tape in which they are now entangled. We want returns from the land; not masses of "returns" filled in by harassed workers for the bureaucrats to pigeon-hole.

DEATH COMES TO NAZI PARADISE

Is there an organisation directing the fearless men who are defying the firing squad to strike at the invaders of France?

By VICTOR SCHIFF

GONE are the days when the German invaders of Paris, Nancy, Dijon, Nantes and Bordeaux lived "wie Gott in Frankreich" (like God in France).

This old German phrase had become almost a proverb east of the Rhine. France was looked upon as a Paradise.

Now, every officer and man of what still remains of the German occupation army feels that this Eden is full of death-traps.

The old German song, "I had a comrade," applies now not only to the front-line, but even to those who hoped to live safely in France for the duration.

A bullet came flying:
Is it for you or is it for me?

★ ★ ★

Gone are the days when, by order from above, German officers and soldiers had to affect politeness, friendliness and good temper towards the French civilians.

Very soon the Nazis showed themselves in their true colours, and most of the French people—probably ninety out of every hundred—now know, as certainly as we do, that Hitler will be beaten.

The odd 10 per cent. who still cling to "collaboration" with Germany are the quislings who have committed themselves either by political fanaticism or simply because they allowed themselves to be bribed.

Many of them would like to recant, but it is too late.

They tremble even more than the German officers and soldiers, especially since young Paul Colette wounded Pierre Laval and Marcel Deat, and the body of Yves Perringaux, chief assistant to the Quisling-Minister Pucheu, was found torn to pieces on a railway line.

What of the 90 per cent. who now know their oppressors will be smashed?

They are not all heroes by any means. Most of them just wait and hope.

Yet among them—perhaps one out of every ninety—are heroes.

They are ready to start beating the Nazis now—and they are ready to pay the price: the firing squad.

★ ★ ★

No one knows exactly who they are.

Sometimes—as in the case of Paul Colette—it is an individual acting purely under the orders of his own conscience.

Or two or three friends act together. Each has a bicycle, one a pistol, and off they go—determined to kill a German in uniform, for preference an officer, and then dash away.

In some instances they are obviously members of a secret organisation of patriots. There do not seem to be many members, but they are obviously well spread about the country, have firearms and bombs, and, above all, appear to be absolutely proof against would-be spies.

★ ★ ★

It is amazing that, after more than a dozen such attacks in Paris and the provinces, not one man has ever been caught.

Stuelpnagel, the German C.-in-C. could offer millions of francs as a reward, he could threaten with the most barbarous reprisals against innocent hostages, he could even compel the abject men of Vichy to support his plea for denunciations; all lips remained sealed. There is not one Judas among these scores of French patriots.

This infuriates the Nazis, because their own system of government and police is essentially based on successful bribery.

More than the hurt to their pride—and that's something big to an arrogant Nazi—is the gnawing of their nerves. They know why more and more of the people they thought were their slaves are hitting back. They know what is happening to the "invincible German army."

As death lurks at more and more street corners, the words of the old song ring in their scared minds:

A bullet came flying:
Is it for you or is it for me?

Open Letters

Sack Amery, forget your own past, Mr. Churchill—and make peace with India!

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., 10, Downing Street.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—Your first job on returning from Washington should be to dismiss Mr. Amery, the Secretary of State for India.

He has proved worse than a failure. He has obstinately and blindly hampered the very real opportunities of gaining an understanding with India.

Not for him are the sane counsels of moderation and compromise. His stand is that of the autocratic Imperialist: "Accept my policy or go to the devil."

He is adamant alike in repelling the advances of Congress and ignoring the wise proposals of Sir Tej Sapru and other Liberals.

Though the Japanese menace creates a new and urgent demand for settling our differences with India, he refuses to allow any new hope of securing not only the friendship of the Indian myriads, but their full co-operation in the war effort.

So Leopold Stennett Amery must be sacked.

We cannot afford to tolerate his stubborn folly any longer. We cannot, indeed, afford to perpetuate any relics of the unfortunate past.

There is no disposition among the British people to bolster up a dog-in-the-manger Imperialism that for years has incited the resentment and active distrust of those who should be our willing allies.

We—the people—want their help in winning this war. We want it to save them from a worse tyranny than they have ever known.

We want it in ordering a peace that will give to them a higher way of life.

And we want it now, despite the prejudices that linger on in Whitehall.

I believe the way will be clear if only you will remove the obstacles that we ourselves have set up.

I do not believe it will be necessary to kow-tow to any one Indian sect. I am convinced we need not surrender our rightful interests or sacrifice our prestige.

The most imperative necessity is to erase the biggest blot on our history as a world Power, and we cannot do so unless we first remove those people in our midst who seek to impose a dictatorial system as unfair as it is unworkable.

Do that, and you will achieve one of the greatest aids to our victory and the peace we are determined to secure!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, M.P., President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—I am glad that, with the Ministry of Health, you are "examining the possibility" of supplying breakfast and tea as well as dinner at schools—a move that would release many more mothers for war work.

But I hope the "examination" will not last quite as long as the delay in providing nursery schools.

And how do you propose to deal with those lazy, pig-headed authorities who will not even serve dinners in their schools?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALEX MAXWELL, Tobacco Controller

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations. Distribution of tobacco and cigarettes has certainly become smoother.

The reason, I believe, is that you have cracked down on those wholesalers who maintained retail shops to which they diverted unduly large supplies.

No doubt they'll try to outwit you again when they think the coast is clear. But the trade will continue to support you, even if you decide to put the offenders completely out of business.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security.

DEAR MADAM,—I have seen so many fire bombs glowing during a heavy London raid that they couldn't be counted. So, I am sure, have you.

But though they are often dropped not in mere bunches of fifteen but in hundreds, fire guards are expected to fill in forms stating just how many fall in an area, how many are explosive, the number causing fires, and the number dealt with by fire brigades.

Let's put them out, not waste vital time in counting 'em. And let your form-crazy officials be given something better to do.—JOHN BULL.

Sir NOEL CURTIS-BENNETT, National Playing Fields Association

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—You ought to be a proud man. But, though 2,500 new playing fields have been acquired in the last sixteen years, you still aren't satisfied.

Rightly so. I share to the full your belief that, when peace makes possible the reconstruction of Britain, one of the chief aims should be the provision of *all* the playgrounds still needed—particularly in rural areas where the young have no facilities for recreation.

A start should be made now in surveying the need and planning the land available. I know that your experience and wise guidance would be readily available to the authorities concerned.—JOHN BULL.

Air-Marshal A. G. CARROD, Chief of Air Training

DEAR SIR,—Even I, who am rarely astonished by official squandermania, find it difficult to believe that budding airmen waste a thousand gallons of petrol a time in their practice at lightening load.

Such is the allegation brought to my notice. But, though I can hardly give it credence, it might be worth your investigation.—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BROWN, Secretary, Ministry of Supply

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Despite all your efforts, some factories are obviously below 100 per cent. production. They should be made to do so.

I am told of one munitions factory that gives long holidays on every possible occasion—including 3½ days for Christmas.

Now, because the firm insists on keeping a week's wages in hand for every work, the men are applying for official permission to leave, on the ground of alleged illegal stoppage of wages.

Show such managements how loudly you can bark!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

SIR, — Rumours of Government changes are again current. I should be more interested by changes in the working of Government departments, especially yours.

I am sickened by the callous meanness still shown to war victims who seek pension. I have cited so many shameful examples that you should have realised long ago how urgently needed is a change of system.

I have even heard of a man being certified for work—and therefore denied pension—on the very day he left hospital after eighteen months' treatment for a broken back, though private specialists certified that he could not possibly work.

Only after months of squabbling was he grudgingly granted a pension.

That such scandals shall never happen again would be your best New Year resolution.—JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS, Holborn, London, W.C.

GENTLEMEN,—I find it strange that, though railings have been removed from the Royal Parks, they are still jealously preserved round the lordly gardens of Bedford Square.

Won't you coyly tell me why?—JOHN BULL.

Commander A. N. FIREBRACE, Chief of Fire Staff

DEAR COMMANDER,—Five hours before you arrived in Bolton, every sub-station in the district was warned to expect you and all the men hurriedly put to work to prepare the "top show."

Recently also, I heard how firemen had been on parade for hours outside their station in expectation of your arrival, and there was nearly a riot when you eventually failed to turn up.

No doubt you would much prefer to make your visits without fuss, so why not instruct your staff accordingly?—JOHN BULL.

The MEMBERS, Ogmore and Garw Council

GENTLEMEN,—In your district is a chemist's shop that has been closed since the outbreak of war. It is crammed with stock now in very short supply—drugs, invalid wines, infant foods, and so on.

They should be made available to the public, and I suggest you take the appropriate action.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

Save Our Babies!

THE art of politics seems to tend more and more to the curse of bureaucracy.

So many M.P.s are unable to think in anything but terms of Ministries, committees, departments.

The cumbersome machinery of State is cluttered up with useless cogs, non-functioning wheels.

When a problem arises the old cry is heard at Westminster—"appoint a committee." If some question of vital import is to be settled it must be decided in time-honoured traditional style.

Millions of words spoken, countless hours expended, then, months later, a White Paper, setting out in ponderous style the conclusions of the very Select Committee.

Putting aside all war time regulations and temporary measures essential to the running of a nation engaged in total war, the State's encroachment on the life and leisure of the individual is a record of slow, invidious growth.

And the politicians are never satisfied.

What, Another?

There is, for instance, the suggestion by Mr. Kenneth Lindsay, M.P., former Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, that a Ministry of Childhood and Youth should be formed.

He argues that at present there is no Ministry which regards a child solely as a child, and that two years of confused experience between central departments, local authorities and a maze of voluntary societies all pointed to the formation of such a Ministry as an inevitable solution.

"One single person, preferably a Minister, should," he says, "be put in charge of children under five."

Mr. Lindsay is a bold man to advocate such an invasion of the homes of Britain.

Perhaps he would not be so bold were he married and the father of a family.

But, according to "Who's Who," he is a bachelor of 44, and the author, among other publications, of "Social Progress and Educational Waste."

From the cradle to the tender age of five Mr. Lindsay would have our children regimented by the State. He does not reveal how the new Minister, if appointed, would function; nor how such a Minister would keep an eye on the babies.

Snooper's Army

But, however, skilfully or expertly the Ministry functioned, it would undoubtedly employ an army of inquisitive people whose job would be to investigate the private lives of the parents of children under five.

Mr. Lindsay, being a bachelor, may not be sufficiently domesticated to visualise the sort of reception such snoopers would get from the women whose task it is to bring up children decently and cleanly.

But I know—and so do most fathers—how warm and gushing would be the welcome; how eagerly the mothers would receive the advice of the Childhood Ministry: and how appreciative they would be of all the forms and the questionnaires the Minister would want filled in.

Or would they?

Seriously, the bureaucratic menace is a real one.

It is a monstrous growth, and it encroaches on our privacy and our leisure. The political mind is something that few laymen can assess.

That is one reason why all of us should be constantly on the *qui vive* against its workings.

Terrible Twins Chalk 'em Up!

And how the Triumph and the Truant scorned every kind of peril to do it makes another brilliant page in the Submarine Saga

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

ON the night when the *Triumph* struck a mine, the boys scarcely batted an eyelid. It was a moonshiny night, deceptively flecking the sea with phosphorescence and shadow, and the surface watch sighted the grim hulk right ahead . . . and only 20 ft. distant.

"Hard a-starboard!"

Night is day in a submarine. The men below were having their midnight lunch, and the lurching soup drenched their jerseys and flooded the floor as the helm went hard over. Then the sub. hit the mines bows on.

Half a ton of high explosive ate 18 ft. into the hull. It pulverised the forward tanks, shattered the ten torpedo tubes and crashed a 12-ft. split amidships.

Blinded by a sheet of flame, the men on the decks heard the drum of a Nazi reconnaissance 'plane swirling above their heads. Then it moved away.

Deep inside enemy waters, on the German side of the perilous North Sea minefields, they knew the pilot had spotted the tell-tale glare and would be bringing up Nazi destroyers or bombers.

Twelve feet from the limits of the explosion, an able seaman was sleeping soundly and had to be shaken up.

"It's the real McCoy!" he murmured, when his mates explained the situation.

The jest was apt, for Lieut.-Commander J. W. McCoy faced the toughest task of his career. Three hundred miles from home, soon to be hunted by enemy 'planes, the ship was making water fast. Diving was out of the question. It seemed a miracle that the ten torpedoes ready for firing in the tubes had not gone off.

With the pumps thumping at maximum capacity, he put every man to work.

"No casualties," says his log. "Took necessary action. Steered north, speed varying with weather and ability of pump to keep water in check. . . ."

You wouldn't suspect from these curt words that the craft took a short cut clean through a minefield, with every available man on the watch.

SUCH an emergency justified a single radio message.

With all other hands engaged, a young R.N.V.R. doctor on his first patrol made himself useful decoding the replying signals.

The flash came from the Admiralty: "Aircraft escort is being sent!" when a Dornier streaked from the clouds bent on attack. Then, while the boys held their breath, the R.A.F. arrived!

No wonder that even the Navy calls H.M. Submarines *Triumph* and *Truant* the "adventure ships."

Hazard and thrills are on the everyday menu to the crews of these 1,090-ton oceangoers—the "Terrible Twins" of the Trade.

On another voyage, amid waves 10 yds. high, the *Triumph* spotted a U-boat passing to starboard. Turning in the heavy seas was difficult, and every sea-green hillock threatened to engulf the crew as they manned the gun. They gave it up in despair, and loosed a torpedo. Then another . . .

The crash of the explosion aboard the Nazi could be heard above the roar of the gale.

In an incredibly few subsequent patrols, the *Triumph* winged five enemy warships and as many supply ships.

The *Truant* caught up with this record when Commander Hugh Haggard, son of a former *Ajax* skipper, entered the waters off Cape Spartivento, Mussolini's soundly guarded Scapa Flow.

Lumbering over the horizon came a posse of fussing destroyers with a convoy of supply ships so heavily laden that their gunwales lay low in the water.

Taking his pick, Haggard sank one ship, and the boom of three distinct explosions probably heralded the death knell of another.

Two nights later he stole in towards the Calabrian coast again—and accounted for an oil tanker.

The *Truant*, like the *Triumph*, had already been involved in an enemy minefield and had crept out, as one of the crew grinned, "with her plates almost falling apart."

Both the twins, too, had pumped torpedoes against Nazi cruisers with great success in the Battle of Oslo Fiord.

The *Truant's* greatest triumph came, however, when Haggard popped up his periscope off Cape Finisterre and sighted a strange ship making towards the French coast lickety-pelt.

Now everyone has heard of the gallant rescue of prisoners from the *Altmark*. It's typical of the Trade that they've kept so quiet about the episode of the *Truant* and the *Tropic Sea*.

Rising to the surface, Haggard could see that the 5,781-ton motor-ship carried the colours of Norway. All above aboard outwardly, something fishy about her aroused his suspicion.

It was as if thought-waves from the Norwegian skipper and his wife, both locked fast in one of the cabins, travelled over the waves! As if the hearts of two dozen British prisoners aboard were flashing the truth!

A FEW days before, the *Tropic Sea* had been captured by a Nazi ocean raider, and she was on her perilous way back to Germany in charge of a Nazi prize crew.

The same raider had also sunk the British steamer *Haxby*. Prisoners below decks of the *Tropic Sea*, the *Haxby's* skipper and crew faced the grim prospect of starving for years in the Reich.

Then Haggard sniffed something in the air and yelled: "Declare your cargo!" And the game was up.

Opening their sea-cocks, the Nazis took to the boats with their prisoners. Cheer upon cheer—gibes at Hitler's expense—rang over the water.

Aboard the *Truant* stepped the Norwegian skipper's wife. She was probably the first woman to embark on a British submarine. All aboard, too, went her husband and the men of the *Haxby*.

Every nook and cranny of his craft was jammed to standing room when Haggard realised that he would have to leave the Germans and some of the Norwegians behind. It went against the grain, for he usually enjoyed the joke of bringing prisoners home as proof of a sinking.

It is on such occasions that the chivalry of Britain's undersea service comes to the fore. Haggard has old seadog blood.

Deliberately he risked the possibility of giving away his position to enemy submarine chasers, and radioed news of the castaways.

An hour or two later a large Coastal Command flying-boat landed on the sea, and another boatload of Norwegians was snatched from Nazi slavery.

STREET FIGHTING WILL BE TOUGH

BRITISH Commandos, attacking in Norway, came up against a new technique of warfare.

Without a doubt it is the technique Hitler has adopted to protect the Continent against invasion.

So at least we know Hitler's anti-invasion plans now. And he doesn't know ours.

Our war chiefs, astonished at the amount of information gained, are working out the counters.

They are also opening schools and courses of instruction at which company commanders and N.C.O.'s can learn the new German methods.

★ ★ ★

This much can be revealed of the Nazi anti-invasion tactics: they are admirable for the purpose of holding up a strong enemy with few men until your main defensive force appears on the scene.

Some have called it the Invisible Man technique. The essence is to turn a town or village into a fortress in which the attacker never sees the enemy, except with singular good luck.

It is obvious how it developed.

Nazism began with public-house brawls in Munich. Broken bottles, and razors were the earliest Hitler weapons.

When the Nazi adherents were so numerous that they could no longer be crammed into one beer-hall, the technique of street-fighting grew.

At first it borrowed all the best features of the street-brawl.

When it had been suitably refined, it became the method taught to Hitler's S.S. troops.

They subdued Vienna by means of this new technique.

It was monstrously rough-and-ready, compared with the technique of warfare as taught at Sandhurst, Camberley, and the French military academy at St. Cyr.

But it pleased Hitler to have a plan of campaign that would baffle the products of Europe's military colleagues.

★ ★ ★

The first impression got by the attackers of a town is that machine-gun and rifle fire is pouring on them from a hidden enemy.

No barrels peep from windows. No flashes are discernible. This invisible enemy doesn't fire round a corner. It fires from the darkness at the bottom of an alley.

It doesn't fire from a window. It fires from the wall farthest from the window.

Our military experts would have told you a year ago that such methods were ridiculous. The field of vision narrows as you get away from an aperture.

True. But every town and village in German occupation has been studied by experts who have ensured that, by putting one man in this room, another in that, and the others in other approved positions, every yard of road comes under the fire of *some* invisible soldier

But these hidden troops do not have to remain static. They are taught a system of wall-hugging that enables them to get from one part of the town to another with a minimum of danger.

The system is adaptable to attack as well as defence.

Strategic points are seized and held. Meanwhile, guerillas crawl about, using each bastion as a base from which to attack and conquer a new bastion.

The Germans no longer aim at storming towns. They aim at creeping over them like a slow paralysis.

★ ★ ★

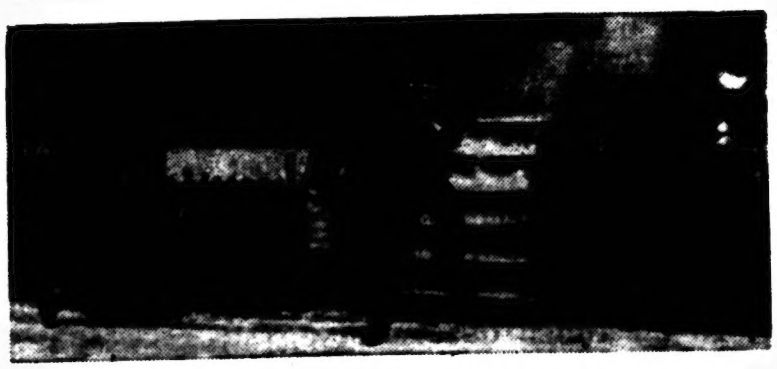
They have special weapons designed for such small-scale warfare—pom-pom guns on taxicabs.

Such weapons would be useless in field warfare. But field weapons have been found to be equally useless in street guerilla fighting.

Hitler has paid more attention to gangsters than to the scholarly lecturers of the world's military academies.

And military experts have got to revise their teachings considerably to meet the new technique.

Maurice Fagence.



Troops taking part in a realistic street fight during recent manoeuvres

UNITED NATIONS IN ACTION

THREE BIG TARGETS

One is in Russia, another in the Mediterranean, and the third in the Pacific. But there is still only one enemy that really matters—and he is on the run

By A. G. GARDINER

He danced too soon!

"IN this Battle of the World," said Mr. Churchill at Washington, "not even the genius of a Napoleon could grasp the whole field of strategy." Perhaps not. But he would have seized, as I am sure Mr. Churchill has done, certain central facts and applied certain inexorable principles as the keys to victory.

And the first fact he would have swooped on would be that even in a war that involves the world there is only one enemy that really matters. Knock out Germany and the war is won. Fail to knock out Germany and the war is lost. Germany is the Axis and the Axis is Germany.

Even Japan, dangerous as she is at the moment, is only dangerous in so far as she relieves the pressure on Germany. With Germany out of the ring, Japan will be mopped up at leisure.

THE NEXT FACT, WHICH NEEDS NO NAPOLEON TO APPRECIATE, IS THAT THE POSITION OF GERMANY HAS STARTLINGLY DEPRECIATED IN THE PAST MONTH.

She is visibly groggy at the knees. She has sustained a series of blows that have knocked her to the ropes. They are moral blows as well as material—internal as well as external.

★ ★ ★

The most sensational, of course, is the staggering turn of events in Russia. Whatever check one puts upon one's estimates, it is a defeat so vast, so overwhelming, as to be irrevocable.

Dr. Benes said last week that "the Battle of Britain was the first and historically most important defeat of Germany in this war." I think that is so. I compared it at the time to the Battle of the Marne in its foreshadowing of the end.

But the Battle of Russia is more than a foreshadowing. It is the announcement of the end. Taken with the failure in the Battle of the Atlantic, the defeat in Libya and the emergence of the United Nations, it is decisive. The end may be delayed: it cannot be escaped.

That this is realised in Germany, and by Hitler himself, is abundantly evident. It is implicit in the whimpering note of Hitler's New Year's message. It rings through Goebbels' agonised appeals to the German people to send their rags to the freezing army.

It explains the sacking of the generals from the C.-in-C. downwards. The secret war between the High Command and the Nazi Party has flared into open war. The High Command know that the Reich cannot win.

They only await the moment to seize power, liquidate Hitler and the Nazi gang and offer peace proposals in the hope of saving something from the wreck.

★ ★ ★

The effect on the morale of Germany of this icy wind from the east can be imagined. The avalanche of cold truth has frozen the soul of the people at home as savagely as it has struck the bodies of the army in the field.

Brutes and bullies in the hour of triumph, the Germans are cowards and whimperers in the hour of failure. That was shown in 1918.

It was the moral collapse behind the lines that brought the sudden crash then. It will bring it again, perhaps as suddenly.

But it is not only on the home front that the moral effect is felt. Europe breathes again. The world breathes again. The ogre of German invincibility lies a corpse in the Russian snows. The terror of Hitler's name has passed.

He himself is passing into his native nothingness. The seed he has sown is springing up armed men to destroy him from Norway to Greece. The conviction that Germany must win has changed to the conviction that Germany cannot win.

You can sense the change in the neutral countries—Sweden, Turkey, Spain; in Italy, even in the manœuvres of the wretched "men of Vichy." They scent the danger of betraying their country to the losing side. They are playing for time.

★ ★ ★

THIS being the position of our chief antagonist, how can we exploit it to the greatest advantage? How would Napoleon have exploited it? He would have acted on the maxim that he invariably obeyed. He would have launched his maximum power against the most vulnerable link in the enemy's front.

Like Hitler, the enemy he had in mind was always Britain. And, like Hitler, he could not get at that enemy on its own soil. But every move in his game, whether on land, on sea, or in diplomacy (as in the Berlin decrees), had Britain for its real target.

ADOPTING THE NAPOLEONIC STRATEGY OF THE MAXIMUM BLOW AT THE WEAKEST SPOT, THERE SEEM TO BE THREE OUTSTANDING TARGETS THAT CLAIM IMMEDIATE PRIORITY.

The first is Russia. That is the major and may well be the decisive theatre of the war.

There the great war machine of Germany is snowed up and there it will be bogged until May. Four months, during which it will lie like a helpless monster naked to the scourgings of the Russian winter, and defenceless against the harpoons of a remorseless and cunning enemy.

The total destruction of this mighty host should be the imperious aim of the United Nations.

That achieved, the power of Germany would be broken beyond effective recovery. The flower of the army could not be replaced in time. The shattered machine could not be reconstructed in time.

And consider the *moral* of the remnants of the host when in Spring they are called on to return to the siege of Moscow against a triumphant and inspirited foe now conscious that victory is assured.

AT ALL COSTS WE MUST HELP THE RUSSIANS TO CLINCH THIS STUPENDOUS TRIUMPH AND TO SEAL THE CAUCASUS AND THE BLACK SEA AGAINST ALL POSSIBILITY OF DANGER.

The time to do it is now. And the means to do it is the despatch of all the munitions at our command to this vital theatre.

★ ★ ★

AND the second vulnerable spot is Italy and the Mediterranean. Nothing in our war strategy has been more wisely conceived or more brilliantly executed than our magnificent recovery in the Eastern Mediterranean after the French desertion and our concentration upon the smashing of the Italian brigand.

With his head being broken in Russia and his heel becoming gangrenous in Italy, the enemy will not need to look elsewhere for trouble—neither across the Channel nor towards "the Rock."

If the Germans have any strength to spare they must use it to stop the rot in Italy, and the United Nations must make it one of its major tasks to consolidate and extend our successes there.

The fate of Africa, of Asia Minor, and of the Mediterranean is at stake in that theatre.

★ ★ ★

The third imperative is the Pacific. There we have struck a bad patch and must look for things to be worse before they are better. but they will get better.

And remember the other side of the account. But for that bad patch the United States would still be a looker on. Some compensation! as Mr. Churchill would say.

And in this phase of the strategy let the United Nations not forget China. Give Chiang Kai-shek the tools and he will do the job.

Unarmed, his people have held the Japanese vermin at bay for nearly five years. With arms they will sweep them into the sea.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

SHOULD RUSSIA EXACT VENGEANCE?

● The statement that "Russia will insist on Germany enduring suffering equal to that of Russia" and "the German people must rebuild all they have destroyed" must not be taken too seriously.

Moscow, London and Washington are pledged to a joint settlement—and the British and the Americans will realise, if they do not do so already, that a lasting peace cannot be based on vengeance.

How can you, without creating an even worse hatred, condemn to punishment not only the guilty but Germans who had no share in it? The French were in that mood last time. They were brutal in the Ruhr. We know what followed.

Millions of Christians belonging to all the Churches of Britain and the United States will support this view. They have been taught for centuries that the Mosaic law, "an eye for an eye," is barbaric and a relic of the primitive teaching of an age early in the evolution of mankind.

IS THERE A WAR TIME DRINK PROBLEM?

● It is surprising to know that a welfare officer in the West of England has suggested that women police should be posted in public-houses to control excessive drinking by young people.

Frankly, I do not know what good could be done by women police. Their interference would probably only lead to more drinking, in defiance of the Nosey Parkers.

It may be true that there has never been so much drinking among young people, particularly girls and women.

They find themselves for the first time in their lives, during a work boom, with ample pocket money, to which they are not used. So, naturally, they waste it.

But I think Nosey Parkers are worse than the offenders.

IS THE U.S. OPEN TO AIR ATTACK?

● Roosevelt's assurance that, if bombed, the Americans will "take it," as did the Cockneys, raises this question.

So far, only places like Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego are particularly vulnerable, for they are on or near the Pacific coast. Besides, it is known to everybody that some of the biggest aircraft works are around Los Angeles.

They are less assailable than are our own war factories in the sense that, whereas ours are chiefly in congested areas, theirs are separated by miles.

On the other hand, our comparatively old-fashioned methods make it easier for a British factory to be put to work again.

Because of the elaborate chain-belt system of America, one bomb might throw the whole production out of gear for days.

Many American cities and vast areas are, of course, too far from the coast to be in danger of any kind. They will remain so.

WHY MORE DIVORCES?

● During the next term, 1,700 divorce cases are down for hearing, against 933 for the same period last year.

It was not until 1918, in the last war, that the increase became so marked.

You have only to compare the literature of the two war periods to realise that we are now as frank as they were in the Restoration age, whereas the last war was a hang-over of Victorianism.

Divorce may be unfortunate; but marital unhappiness is infinitely worse. The increased figures may not mean more adultery. It may only prove greater economic independence on the part of women, and less blind acquiescence.

E BIG TARGETS

erranean, and the third in the Pacific. But really matters—and he is on the run

GARDINER

The first is Russia. That is the major and may well be the decisive theatre of the war.

There the great war machine of Germany is snowed up and there it will be bogged until May. Four months, during which it will lie like a helpless monster naked to the scourgings of the Russian winter, and defenceless against the harpoons of a remorseless and cunning enemy.

The total destruction of this mighty host should be the imperious aim of the United Nations.

That achieved, the power of Germany would be broken beyond effective recovery. The flower of the army could not be replaced in time. The shattered machine could not be reconstructed in time.

And consider the *moral* of the remnants of the host when in Spring they are called on to return to the siege of Moscow against a triumphant and inspirited foe now conscious that victory is assured.

AT ALL COSTS WE MUST HELP THE RUSSIANS TO CLINCH THIS STUPENDOUS TRIUMPH AND TO SEAL THE CAUCASUS AND THE BLACK SEA AGAINST ALL POSSIBILITY OF DANGER.

The time to do it is now. And the means to do it is the despatch of all the munitions at our command to this vital theatre.

★ ★ ★

AND the second vulnerable spot is Italy and the Mediterranean. Nothing in our war strategy has been more wisely conceived or more brilliantly executed than our magnificent recovery in the Eastern Mediterranean after the French desertion and our concentration upon the smashing of the Italian brigand.

With his head being broken in Russia and his heel becoming gangrenous in Italy, the enemy will not need to look elsewhere for trouble—neither across the Channel nor towards "the Rock."

If the Germans have any strength to spare they must use it to stop the rot in Italy, and the United Nations must make it one of its major tasks to consolidate and extend our successes there.

The fate of Africa, of Asia Minor, and of the Mediterranean is at stake in that theatre.

★ ★ ★

The third imperative is the Pacific. There we have struck a bad patch and must look for things to be worse before they are better. but they will get better.

And remember the other side of the account. But for that bad patch the United States would still be a looker on. Some compensation! as Mr. Churchill would say.

And in this phase of the strategy let the United Nations not forget China. Give Chiang Kai-shek the tools and he will do the job.

Unarmed, his people have held the Japanese vermin at bay for nearly five years. With arms they will sweep them into the sea.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

SHOULD RUSSIA EXACT VENGEANCE?

● The statement that "Russia will insist on Germany enduring suffering equal to that of Russia" and "the German people must rebuild all they have destroyed" must not be taken too seriously.

Moscow, London and Washington are pledged to a joint settlement—and the British and the Americans will realise, if they do not do so already, that a lasting peace cannot be based on vengeance.

How can you, without creating an even worse hatred, condemn to punishment not only the guilty but Germans who had no share in it? The French were in that mood last time. They were brutal in the Ruhr. We know what followed.

Millions of Christians belonging to all the Churches of Britain and the United States will support this view. They have been taught for centuries that the Mosaic law, "an eye for an eye," is barbaric and a relic of the primitive teaching of an age early in the evolution of mankind.

IS THERE A WAR TIME DRINK PROBLEM?

● It is surprising to know that a welfare officer in the West of England has suggested that women police should be posted in public-houses to control excessive drinking by young people.

Frankly, I do not know what good could be done by women police. Their interference would probably only lead to more drinking, in defiance of the Nosey Parkers.

It may be true that there has never been so much drinking among young people, particularly girls and women.

They find themselves for the first time in their lives, during a work boom, with ample pocket money, to which they are not used. So, naturally, they waste it.

But I think Nosey Parkers are worse than the offenders.

IS THE U.S. OPEN TO AIR ATTACK?

● Roosevelt's assurance that, if bombed, the Americans will "take it," as did the Cockneys, raises this question.

So far, only places like Seattle, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego are particularly vulnerable, for they are on or near the Pacific coast. Besides, it is known to everybody that some of the biggest aircraft works are around Los Angeles.

They are less assailable than are our own war factories in the sense that, whereas ours are chiefly in congested areas, theirs are separated by miles.

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★ Signs of unrest in Germany are increasing as the Russian news filters through. Here is a survey of what that unrest is worth in hard facts

Revolt Can't Come in Germany Yet

Says WILLI FRISCHAUER

TOO many people are asking: Will the German people revolt?

If they think that the Germans are already in the mood for revolt, their question should rather be: *Can* the German people revolt?

While young journalists in quieter and more balanced countries were sent to flower shows, my work as a cub reporter in the post-war years was to cover riots, revolts, revolutions. They were a regular feature of my early life in Central Europe.

None of these outbreaks was provoked by so strong reasons as the German people have today for revolt against the Nazi régime.

The German women, who always contributed largely to the emotional tension which produces revolts, are today bemoaning the loss of millions of war victims, of husbands, brothers, sons and fathers, killed or wounded on the Russian front.

They have been made drastically aware of the white hell through which the survivors of the slaughter are forced to live on the icy steppes.

As they are being asked to give up their fur coats, their warm clothes, and even single gloves, they cannot feel comfortable about the conditions under which their menfolk have to fight.

Their Worst Winter

The whole German civil population is facing a winter during which they will have less to eat than at any time during the last eight years.

They are threatened with a further reduction of their food rations, which will bring them dangerously near to the lowest level of subsistence.

There is little fuel, few new clothes, hardly any comforts available for the mass of the German people.

The workers are entering upon the seventh year of hard labour under stringent war conditions.

They have been forced to sustain the tremendous industrial effort which modern war demands for longer than any other nation before them.

They have been disfranchised, regimented, denied the right to speak their mind, threatened with prison and concentration camp if they violate the slightest regulation—of which there are hundreds.

Nazi propaganda has extracted from them extraordinary efforts under the pretence that only a short spurt is needed, that the war would not last long, and that they would soon be amply rewarded for their sacrifice.

Now even the dumbest of them must realise that the end of the war is not in sight, and they have not even the satisfaction of seeing a German victory as the reward for their toil and sweat.

You have read the story of the German women who had to be chased away by shots from S.S. Black Guards when they tried to stop yet another troop train leaving for the Russian front.

Other incidents in food queues have been reported.

German war workers from the north are leaving their jobs to take up better and safer employment in Bavaria and Austria, defying the Nazi "stay-put" laws.

Other cases revealing a low state of German morale are freely discussed in radical Nazi newspapers. No doubt they will multiply. Tension will grow.

Obviously the confidence of the people in the invincibility of the army is shaken. We need no secret report to know about that. Hitler's speeches, the changed tone of Goebbels' enunciations, an intelligent perusal of the German war communiqués, prove it.

But will all this lead to revolt? Is revolution near? Can the German people revolt?

I have seen determined crowds rising in anger and fury against the authorities.

Bullets whistled over my head during the Spartakus revolt in Germany; I watched the workers of Vienna set the Palace of Justice on fire. I was there when the Nazis, after scientific preparations and with the methodical cunning of their gangster mentality, tried a *putsch* in 1934.

Yet all these outbreaks were quelled as soon as the executive used modern arms, rifles, machine-guns, 'planes, against the insufficiently armed revolutionaries.

I have seen strong and brave workers run in the face of three well-aimed salvoes. What a bloodbath these shots caused!

The lesson is plain.

In Germany to-day no more than half a dozen people are able to gather in the street without arousing the suspicion of the all-powerful police.

There are no arms in the hands of the ordinary people.

Gestapo's Firm Grip

The *Gestapo*, supervising the most intimate activities, listening-in to private conversations, has a firm grip of the people, who dare not even criticise, far less show opposition or even resistance to official policy. Every nucleus of opposition is ground to nothing in its earliest stages.

The survivors from the S.S., the Nazi Black Guard divisions, who were severely mauled at the Russian front and whom Hitler has described as "The Guardians of the Home Front," have been garrisoned in German cities.

They are busy erecting block-houses and machine-gun posts on strategic points all over Germany.

They are masters in the art of civil warfare, for which they were originally trained.

They will relish a chance to shoot at opponents, at the "internal enemy," who, unlike the Russians, cannot shoot back.

Furthermore, there is, so far, no sign of organised opposition inside Germany, no organisation such as, for instance, Lenin found when he returned to Russia to lead the revolution.

I wish Otto Strasser, the leader of the anti-Nazi Black Front, all the luck in the world, for I do not care who fights Hitler as long as he injures him. But I have no evidence to suggest that Strasser has a really active organisation inside Germany.

The only organised opposition in Germany is the Catholic Church.

But who would expect the German Bishops to lead their flock to revolt?

Is there not a chance of a Communist rising?

Have not the Comintern maintained an effective organisation inside Germany?

I believe there once existed such an organisation of brave and determined Communists.

But most of them came out in the open too early, misinformed, like all Communist parties in the world, at the time of the Nazi-Soviet alliance. These Communists are now again under lock and key.

There are, however, two sections inside Germany which could secure a chance of success for a revolutionary movement.

One is the army—the generals who will always be able to rely on the obedience of their troops if they order them out against the régime.

Too Deeply Committed

Yet even if the generals were really and truly opposed to Hitler, I doubt whether they would act and lay themselves open before (German) history to the charge that they have "stabbed Germany in the back." Besides, they know full well that they are too deeply committed to be acceptable as Hitler's successors.

There remains, then, only one hope which the world has of seeing Germany defeat herself.

That is a split in the Nazi camp. Only one section of the well-armed Nazi gang could successfully oppose another section.

They are impetuous, illogical, adventurous enough to fall out over the problem of how to save their individual skins.

They will eventually fight one another, and they may themselves throw Germany into a turmoil and lay the country wide open to a final death-blow, the "external knock-out," on which Mr. Churchill banks.

To sum up: If the Nazi fortunes do not change you may expect to hear of more riots, of sackings, of purges.

But do not expect a German revolution for a long time yet.

I hate to say it, but my honest opinion is: The German people cannot revolt.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

WE'RE STARVING SMALL SHOPS

LAST summer, after protests in JOHN BULL about the way in which small traders were being pushed out of business through war conditions, the Government set up the Retail Trade Committee, presided over by Mr. Craig Henderson, K.C., to investigate the problem.

But though its report and recommendations have been in the hands of the Board of Trade for nearly three months not one jot of it has been published, and all efforts—even in Parliament—to discover what its recommendations are have so far failed.

When the war broke out there were nearly 1,000,000 small traders in this country, and their annual turnover represented something like £2,000,000,000. They had always been an integral part of the country's commercial welfare, but are now being given a hard, raw deal.

Many, from small beginnings and with their life savings at stake, have grown old in their businesses. Some bought their shops when they were already growing old so that they would have just enough to see them through the last years of their lives.

Others are ex-soldiers from the last war who sank their gratuities into a shop for the same reason, and many are the widows of men who laid down their lives for freedom in 1914-1918.

Forced Out of Business

To-day a great many of these traders are literally facing ruin. Thousands of them have already been forced out of business. Their shops are empty, and the goodwill is of no value because, through a succession of misfortunes with which I shall deal, purchasers would only be buying a pig-in-a-poke.

Appeals by Members of Parliament, among whom Sir Herbert Williams, the Conservative representative for South Croydon, has taken a leading stand, have been in vain.

The first blow came when the Limitation of Supplies Order was introduced. Wholesalers were limited to a quota of their pre-war supplies, and while some shopkeepers got a reasonable supply of goods, in comparison others found the greatest difficulty in getting anything to sell at all

Then the big "Chain" stores and multiple shops, which had previously restricted their stocks to a "one or two price" range, entered the field with smashing weight. They went in for almost everything, large varieties of goods which they had never traded in before the war being lavished on their counters. With tremendous finances they were able to compete overwhelmingly with the tiny man or woman next door.

The Limitation of Supplies has no terrors for them. For there is no control over the quantity of goods that may be supplied to a retailer. Many wholesale firms find it more convenient to sell the whole of their supplies, or a very large proportion of them, to the large retail chain store organisations. In this way the small dealer is unable to get his just share of the goods he needs to keep his business alive.

One of my representatives made a tour a few days ago of one London shopping centre in which most of the shoppers are poor people. He found eight smaller establishments closed down and others with practically nothing to sell.

In "Chain" stores, however, he saw counters filled with goods of every type, 90 per cent. of which had never been on show before the war.

Wartime "Extras"

There were, for instance, gas-mask cases at half-a-crown; table knives at 1s. 1½d.; books at 3s. 3d.; women's head scarves at 2s. 11d.; long counters arrayed like chemists' shops; others heaped with tinned goods, with sauces and pickles, stationery, greengrocery, powder-puffs, biscuits, bread, cheap perfumes, hair creams, and so on.

"If I have to close down, what will I do?" one perplexed woman, faced with closure, writes: "I am the bread-winner. I have no income, and all we had has gone in the business. . . . Will the Government compensate me, or, at least, give me part of my money back?"

Here is another irony. The Government has no scheme of compensation for such as she.

All that is likely is that those traders who still stay in business, in areas where the demand for them will enable the Government to close some down and leave others open, will themselves have to contribute to a fund from which necessitous cases can be helped.

It is one of the mammoth problems of the war.

One Out of Four

Mr. T. E. Metcalfe, secretary of the Liverpool Fruiterers' Association, says he is receiving complaints every day of the way small shopkeepers are being penalised, and urges that it is vital that the Government take immediate steps to ensure a fairer balance of supplies between small traders and the big multiple stores.

Mr. Craig Henderson, K.C. Why is his report still shelved by the Board of Trade?

Mr. F. Warren, secretary of the National Association of Small Traders, which has 1,500 members in London alone, says that hundreds of small people are going regularly out of business. Soon, suburban women will go down their High Streets to find that one out of four of the old familiar shops have gone.

And if there is no goodwill *now*, what hope is there for the ruined owners *after* the war, when they want to reopen?

Finally, the new Licensing Order, in force on January 1, is already a farce. It merely prohibits anyone trading or opening a new shop to deal in any commodity except food after that date unless they have an official permit.

What it should have done was to have prohibited any firm, old or new, from trading in goods not among its sales before the war, and singled out comparatively new businesses which are superfluous in any one district. By that means old-established small traders would have had at least a reasonable chance to get a living.

When this matter is raised in Parliament again, I hope the questioners will receive the full-hearted support of their colleagues.

I will help all I can, for this is a damnable scandal that *must* be wiped out with speed and thoroughness.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

Wicked Fuel Racket

A NEW swindle is in operation, and housewives are its chief victims.

The firm responsible for it is called the Middlesex Laboratories, Commerce House, Manchester 4, which manufactures a commodity named "Coalecon."

"Save Fuel for Factories" is the slogan under which "Coalecon" is dumped on families anxious to make their coal ration go farther, and the cost is 1s. 3d. for a small carton weighing about one and a half ounces.

The above-named firm states that when dissolved in water the contents of a 1s. 3d. package is sufficient to treat five hundredweight of fuel, and suggests that the product is very popular and, "sold in bulk to industry," is obtainable from ordinary dealers or direct from them.

I have had "Coalecon" specially analysed. It consists of a coarse powder which is 98 per cent. common (household) salt!

It is absolutely worthless as a fuel saver, possessing no calorific or heat-producing value. If anything, it merely makes the coal burn a little brighter!

Not Actionable

Though a more audacious ramp would be hard to find, the astonishing thing is that no action can be taken against the people who have had the effrontery to market such rubbish. At least, that is what one of my representatives was told by a Ministry of Mines official when he brought the facts to his notice.

"Under the Food and Drugs Act," he explained, "people who sell fake food substitutes can be prosecuted, but the law does not extend to manufacturers of so-called fuel savers."

And he volunteered the information that in one case the Ministry knew that £400 to £500 profit a ton was made through the sale of a fuel "saver" that contained between 80 and 90 per cent. common salt!

Isn't it just intolerable?

Anyway, the Ministry of Mines has a chance to shine over "Coalecon." The analysis, made by one of the best analytical chemists in London, is at its disposal. Will it take steps to get the law altered as quickly as possible?

It certainly should.

The Human Machine

BE GENEROUS!

● **There are three things that very largely determine what part you can play in life.**

There is what you are; there is what you do; and there is what you think of yourself.

It is this last that is the most difficult problem for us all and, all too often, the least well tackled.

The problem is far from easy.

You must be able to hold up your head. You must be able to face your fellow-men as an equal. You must have self-respect.

On the other hand, just a little too much idea of yourself and your abilities, *in relation to others*, and you become vain and self-centred.

What to do then?

Well, these words *in relation to others* really hold the key.

Our real problem is to appraise justly others as well as ourselves.

A just generosity towards others is the best safeguard against both egotism and its reverse.

BOGUS CLERGYMEN ON THE MAKE

ECCLESIASTICAL authorities should take serious notice of the increase in bogus clergymen. Since the war such humbugs have found it easier than ever to prey on the emotions of victims, particularly women.

★ ★ ★

Periodically, for many years, JOHN BULL has unmasked an ex-music hall artiste who, cloaked in hypocrisy, established the "Nazarene Church," South Shields. As "Pastor F. A. S. Chilton" he made a special appeal to women.

Among his varied stories was the legend that he required funds to defray legal expenses in connection with a £1,000 legacy, and, more recently, that he was collecting for troops or homeless children.

He even posed as a "Divine Healer," and poor cripples crawled to his "church" in the hope that he could effect a lasting cure.

I am pleased that justice has at last overtaken him—he has just been sent to jail for nine months for false pretences.

There are scores of bogus clerics to-day making a steady business of appeals for seemingly charitable objects. Some even run office staffs, with organisers and collectors, to ensure a good living under their religious masks.

★ ★ ★

One, who recently made a brief appeal for evacuated children, collected a very substantial sum, of which only a fraction went to charity.

Another of the humbugs, named in the long report before me, is even capable of doing anything from running a dubious charity to defrauding a bookmaker.

Turn a deaf ear to all, unless they can prove their genuineness by properly authenticated credentials.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

This week's £1 1s. award has gone to Mr. G. Banister, Worship Road, Winton, Eccles, Lancs. Information he sent me is being closely followed up.

Write about any matter needing inquiry or comment, marking envelopes "Public Benefactor."

STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY WALDO KELLAR

THE MYSTERY OF MARIA'S CHRIST

TO this very day the old woman called Maria believes that, while she slept, angels—or, at least, kindly spirits—moved invisible by her side and carried for her the burden which her aged hands were too tired to lift.

By the greatest good fortune she lives now in Switzerland. She is more than seventy years old, but strong and vigorous still.

How shall I describe her? Her face is brown and dry, like earth. And, like sun-baked earth, it is reticulated with tiny intersecting cracks.

There is something of the quality of good earth about old Maria: the sun may dry her, the rain may flood her, and the wind may blow her from place to place . . . and yet she always survives, in one place or another. Anxiety and the years have corrugated her forehead and plucked out her eyebrows.

What remains of her hair is white. In the middle of it there is a parting—or rather, a path—more than an inch wide. The rest is drawn back and fastened in a knot no bigger than a walnut at the nape of her neck. Since time immemorial she has worn nothing but severe black, and nobody in living memory has seen her without beads and crucifix.

Nothing on this earth—nor in the heavens above, nor in the waters under the earth—can shake her faith in a personal, benevolent Providence.

She came off a wine farm, where they lived on bread: bread boiled, bread fried, and just bread. At the age of twelve she became a servant, and for about fifty-five years remained profoundly devoted to a good family in Barcelona.

She was one of those servants who become involved in the life of the family. With her own knotted hands she brought up the little boy, whom she called Juanito. She called him Juanito still, when he was a harassed man of forty-five, somewhat involved in the Spanish equivalent of the Liberal Party.

When Franco came, through blood, to what passes as power, Juanito, who was the last survivor of the family, saved himself and went to France. He assumed, perhaps rightly, that nobody would bother to touch old Maria.

But he did not count upon the fanatical loyalty of the old woman. Who would look after Juanito? Besides, if he were in France, quite obviously her place was in France, too. The Fascists were approaching Barcelona.

She wrapped her most treasured possessions in an old shawl, and set out for the border.

IT is not quite clear what Maria valued most among the few things she had managed to accumulate in her long, hard life.

One thing is certain: there was a heavy ebony crucifix with a white ivory Christ; some kind of silver-gilt drinking cup, and a few clothes—particularly, two hats of a more or less ornate nature, which she had never worn, preferring, quite rightly, the graceful and time-honoured shawl.

The whole bundle must have weighed about fifteen pounds, and there was hardly an object in it which anybody would have bothered to pick up if he had seen it lying in the street.

But she tied it very firmly together and set out from Barcelona over the long, bitter, dusty road away from something she recognised as a menace but could not understand.

Her old feet rose and fell with a mechanical regularity. She reached Gerona. She had, of course, food and water with her; she, of all people, would not have forgotten that.

But perhaps it was the shock of her uprooting from the place in which she had lived so long. Such a shock may weaken a person like the shock of a wound.

WHEN she reached Gerona she felt herself growing strangely weak, and sat, always clasping her bundle, by the roadside. A family, also in flight, passed in a large car; then stopped, and offered her a lift.

They said good-bye to her at Figueras, and, all alone, she walked on. She realised then that, for the first time in her life, she was sick. It was not a sickness of the body: it was a sickness of the soul.

Remember, she was being torn away from where she belonged; and she was not accustomed to being alone.

She reached Peralada. The roads were choked with people who wanted to get away, anywhere, away from the Fascists. She says that her feet felt like dead feet, and that each of her legs seemed to weigh as much as a paving-stone.

More and more frequently she had to sit down and rest. Then her shoulders began to ache. It was the weight of the bundle. She began to be aware of it. She shifted it from left hand to right, and from right to left, every hundred yards. Then she had to sit down and rest again.

Llansa had the air of an encampment on the edge of the wilderness during the exodus from Egypt. There was a kind of hideous cavalcade of the homeless on the run.

She, who had always been proud of her strength, found herself raising hopeful hands towards passing cars and lorries. But every vehicle was full. Between Llansa and San Miguel, Maria felt that her strength had quite gone out of her.

She sat away from the road upon her bundle, and closed her eyes and waited for death.

There was an atmosphere of death hanging over that hideous road. People, running away, had taken with them all they valued. Then, as the way became hard, they had bit by bit abandoned the possessions that encumbered them.

Oncoming refugees had pushed things aside. The road was hideously lined with the pathetic droppings of families in flight. Near where Maria sat there lay a vast brass tray which had once held a Moorish coffee set:

Near this, lying on its side, a child's cradle, seven copper saucepans, and a lamp. Dust was already drifting over the surface of a mahogany table, which loving hands had polished for eighty years.

A large black marble clock disgorged a quivering spring: it had burst where it had fallen.

Four cushions lay piled upon a dusty stone. An immense feather-bed let out a thick, white stream of down, which the wind of passing cars stirred in small swirls.

The refugees were throwing down the things they had wanted to save. They were even leaving their means of conveyance by the roadside.

HERE a juiceless car stood hot and dusty, but silent; there a bicycle lay very flat, with a broken fork. There was also a little patient donkey, dead perhaps from exhaustion.

Maria saw the significance of all this. It is hard to save both yourself and the things you possess. She sat for a long time, thinking. Could she save, at least, the ebony crucifix with its patient white Christ?

No. She would leave it all behind her and go on. Somewhere, on the other side of the frontier, she would find Juanito. Then she would resume her career, her service.

She stood up and, without looking behind her, trudged on, reached San Miguel. She had a little money, with which she bought more food to take with her; then left San Miguel, treading her way along that nightmarish white road which rose in powder as her feet struck it, and seemed to cling to the roof of her mouth in dry, astringent dust.

THE way was more and more encumbered with dropped treasures. Maria was numb with fatigue and with the misery of change.

Was it the will of God she wondered, that in her old age she must lose all she ever acquired and die alone and poor among strangers whose language she could not speak? She drove the thought away. Her will lashed her failing body forward.

At last she reached Cerbere.

And there she lay down by the road and closed her eyes and slept. She was on safe territory. Before she slept, quite unreasoningly, she prayed. "Dear Lord . . . my ivory Christ. . . ." She wanted it back.

And so sleep came upon her, and when she awoke the day was fading. She sat up. It had been her habit, before she had abandoned her bundle, to reach out her hand after resting and ascertain that it was still there.

She reached out her hand and touched a familiar rough surface. It was her bundle.

Now, there is no doubt at all that somebody, finding the bundle she had left, had picked it up and carried it with him; and in due course abandoned it.

And somebody else had picked it up, with a view to opening it later on, and in his turn thrown it down. . . .

Thus the bundle had gone from hand to hand all along that road, to be finally abandoned beside Maria where she lay on the verge of the road at Cerbere.

But Maria swears that it was a saint, or a spirit, or just the power of her prayer that somehow brought her ivory Christ back to her, as it were, out of a deep sleep.

She knew then, she says, that all would be well.

It is certainly a fact that she found her Juanito, and that they live in comparative peace in Switzerland to this very day.

£20,000 Waste Paper Contest

ARE YOU still saving every scrap of waste paper you can—turning out old cupboards or files, basements, warehouse cellars, libraries, filing and store rooms, old account books, bookshelves?

Here's a reminder about the Waste Paper Recovery Association's nation-wide Waste Paper Contest:

The prize money has been donated by a group of public-spirited citizens.

This great Waste Paper Contest began on January 1 and ends on January 31, 1942.

★ ★ ★

The competition is simple. Every part of the country can compete, and every man, woman and child can take part in helping the nation towards victory.

The country has been divided into twenty areas. Each area has earmarked for it a prize total of £1,000 which must be won.

This amount will be divided among the local authorities in each area which collect most by weight of waste paper and cardboard per head of the population.

The total prize of £1,000 allocated to each area will be divided as follows:

1st Prize	£500
2nd Prize	£250
3rd Prize	£100

and three consolation prizes of £50 each.

★ ★ ★

National charities will benefit, as one half of the prizes won is to be donated to one or more of the following deserving causes:

The Red Cross.
Mrs. Churchill's Red Cross Aid to Russia Fund.
R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.
Soldiers, Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

The remaining half must be given to any local charity decided by the successful local authority.

That, in brief, is the scheme.

It is vital for us to learn that paper must be used over and over again in war time. Whoever throws it away renders this economy impossible, and delays, if not endangers, victory.

Let your district win a prize. You can help by collecting that waste paper—*now*.

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

Something in the Air

"WHAT *is* this row?" asked Mr. Smith, glaring over the top of his book at the loudspeaker.

Mrs. Smith picked up the paper and turned to the radio programme.

"Concert party from——"

"Oh yes!" Mr. Smith gave a bitter grin. "The sort of thing that would keep anybody from ever going within ten miles of the coast. Turn it off!"

"It's nearly finished," said Mrs. Smith. "Then there's Old-time Music Hall."

"Of course!" snorted Mr. Smith. "There would be! Who's in it? Not that I need to ask! The Timson Twins are in it, of course."

"Yes," said Mrs. Smith, referring to the newspaper.

"And Joe Jee?"

"Joe Jee is in it," Mrs. Smith nodded.

"I knew it! And Solly Wittle?"

"And Solly Wittle."

"And the Opera-tors?"

"Yes."

"And Blades and Benkin?"

"Yes."

Mr. Smith made a noise like a trodden-on dog.

"What a night! Or does it get better?"

Mrs. Smith referred again.

"After the news at nine there's a talk."

"Of course there's a talk!"

"Then part twelve of the serial."

"Only part twelve? It seems to have been going for years! One thing we can be sure about—it will be no nearer the end! Does anything follow?"

"Archie Archer's band."

"Oh, ye gods! Not again? Not always Archie Archer? They must keep the fellow in a cage at the studio. We never get anything *but* Archie Archer! Oh well there's nothing to do in the garden and we've been to the flicks. I'll stick it if you will."

"There are those odds and ends to pack away in the chest on the landing," Mrs. Smith reminded him.

"I've come home tired," said Mr. Smith. "I don't want to spend the evening packing away odds and ends in the chest on the landing. No, thank you. I'll stick the wireless rather than that."

But after the talk at 9.20, Mr. Smith could stick the wireless no longer.

"This is too much!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet. "Why we ever bought the set, to listen to bilge like this, I can't imagine. Where are these odds and ends you mention? I'd rather work than listen to this."

Mrs. Smith produced the odds and ends and Mr. Smith sorted them into something like order.

"These little albums of snaps—do I chuck 'em in just as they are?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Smith. "Wrap them up in newspaper and tie them with string . . ."

"Where's the string?"

"In the kitchen-table drawer. You men!"

MRS. SMITH turned off the radio and went to get the string. In the end she did most of the work, and Mr. Smith's share consisted largely of carrying upstairs the little parcels which Mrs. Smith had made.

When all were safely stowed away in the chest on the landing, and they were both downstairs in the sitting-room again, Mrs. Smith turned on the radio again.

". . . end of the twelfth instalment of *Where Was Evelyn?*" came the voice of the announcer. "And now follows an hour's dance music by Archie Archer and his . . ."

"Not," said Mr. Smith, "if I know it!"

And he switched off the radio at once.

He yawned.

Mrs. Smith yawned.

"Might as well go to bed," said Mrs. Smith.

"Might as well," said Mr. Smith. "We could have listened for another hour if there'd been anything worth listening to. But Archie Archer! No, thank you. Yes, we might as well go to bed."

They went to bed.

THE war was just over two years old, to be precise in October, 1941, when Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith and a cousin of Mrs. Smith's got involved in an argument on (of all things under the sun) the important question of whether or not young James had been with them that day at Lowestoft in 1931. Mrs. Smith and her cousin said "Yes." But Mr. Smith very firmly said "No."

Long after Mrs. Smith's cousin had gone home the argument was continued by Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith. Each gave chapter and verse. Each could prove it.

Mrs. Smith could remember *seeing* young James with them that day at Lowestoft.

Mr. Smith could remember *not* seeing him.

"Look here," he said, "we took some snaps. If James was there he'll be in the snaps. They'll prove that I'm right. You'll see. Where are the albums?"

"Couldn't tell you," said Mrs. Smith. "Haven't seen them for ages."

Mr. Smith shuffled in his slippers across to the bureau and began throwing things about in the various drawers and cubby holes.

"Not here," he said.

"What about those drawers under the bookcase?" Mrs. Smith suggested.

Mr. Smith tried those drawers under the bookcase, but only with a similar result.

"Not here."

Mrs. Smith thought.

"Didn't you put them in the chest on the landing?"

"I did?"

"I seem to remember . . ."

"I haven't even had the lid of the thing open for years," said Mr. Smith.

"Well, it will be years," said Mrs. Smith. "I seem to remember you moving a lot of things away once and putting them in the chest on the landing."

"*I* did? When? Not since the war."

"No. Long before the war."

"You've a better memory than I have," said Mr. Smith.

Grumbling, he got a torch and shuffled his way up to the landing, where he flung back with a crash the lid of the old chest.

Presently he was downstairs again, with a parcel enclosed in newspaper tied up with string. He dumped the parcel on the sitting-room table, snipped the string, pulled the newspaper aside, and dragged out a number of old albums.

A quarter of an hour later he had been able to prove beyond all doubt that he had been right: James had not been with the party at Lowestoft. Which put Mr. Smith in a very good humour.

"What did I tell you!" he said, rubbing his hands.

Sorting up the litter on the table, he found himself with a tattered old newspaper in his hands.

"You're right about one thing," he said. "It *is* years since we put all this junk away in the chest."

He pointed to the date on the top of the newspaper.

"May, 1938! Nearly eighteen months before the war began!"

He turned the pages slowly, stopping at one in the middle.

"To-day's Radio Programmes!" he said suddenly.

"How queer!" said Mrs. Smith. "What were we listening to that night?"

Mr. Smith's finger ran down the column.

"Seven-thirty . . . concert party from the pier at St. Luke's Bay. I say! You remember those concert party relays! They absolutely brought the smell of the seaweed right into the house. Seaside holidays! Concert parties! Not four years ago. It seems like forty.

"After that there was Old-time Music Hall at eight. Timson Twins. They were jolly good, you know. Never hear of them now. And Joe Jee!"

"I liked him," said Mrs. Smith.

"Darned good," agreed Mr. Smith. "And listen—Solly Wittle—the Operators—Blades and Benkin. . . . I wonder why they can't give us music-hall programmes like that now?"

HIS finger travelled down.

"News at nine. Then a talk—'A Cruising We Will Go.'"

"Something worth talking about, that," said Mrs. Smith. "Not all this dreary war stuff. Cruising. . . . I'd forgotten cruises. Do you remember when we talked of going on a cruise?"

"Do *you* remember," said Mr. Smith, "the old serial play, *Where Was Evelyn?*"

"Why, yes!"

"Now that *was* a serial. A rattling good one!" said Mr. Smith. "Went on for weeks. We just wouldn't miss it, would we? I wonder where Evelyn was? I've forgotten. . . . Ah!"

"What now?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"Archie Archer's band!"

"I liked Archie Archer's band," said Mrs. Smith.

"He was *good*," said Mr. Smith. "Personality there. Not like the muck you get nowadays."

He laid the paper aside and shook his head at his thoughts.

"Eighteen months before the war. . . ."

"Those were the days," said Mrs. Smith.

"Those certainly were the days," agreed Mr. Smith. "And who'd have thought then that all this mess-up was coming."

"Oh well," said Mrs. Smith, "we must make the best of it, I suppose, and keep as cheerful as we can. What's on the wireless to-night?"

"Nothing worth listening to, you can be sure," said Mr. Smith. "You needn't even turn it on."

The Army a Man

Mothers who mollycoddle their sons are unwilling to believe they will ever make healthy soldiers. A typical example is dealt with in this week's article

By HUMANIST

SEVERAL times of late JOHN BULL has had the unpleasant duty of exposing the carelessness of doctors who examine men called up for the Fighting Services.

Unfit men have been passed as A1, only to crock up under training.

Fortunately, there is an opposite story of men who imagined themselves unfit in civilian days, but who have made the happy discovery that their weakness was a delusion.

Here is a letter from a man in the R.A.F. about this subject:

Do you think I should be selfish or cruel if I ask my mother not to send me any more medicines and other extras which she always puts in her parcels?

I am healthy and strong, and don't need these mollycoddle things she sends, but she won't believe it.

I was regarded as a delicate child in early days, and my mother always coddled me.

When I joined up, my mother loaded me up with patent medicines, tablets, cough lozenges, and every sort of preventive she could think of.

A parcel has just arrived containing a chest protector, body belt, thick "undies," and a large bottle of cough mixture!

I have hidden these things from the sight of the other chaps. Can you wonder at it?

I have grown several inches in height and width; I have put on weight; I never catch cold; and I eat like a pig! I am out in all weathers, and sometimes get wet through when it is my turn to be on guard.

If I tell my mother this, she will not believe me. She will continue to send these parcels. What can I do about it? Shall I say nothing for fear of hurting her feelings? Or shall I tell her to stop it?

The trouble is caused because the mother will not realise that the boy has grown up. She still thinks of him as a delicate child needing continual protection.

The idea is quite wrong. He is a robust young man.

The mother ought to be thankful for the transformation, but she won't allow herself to believe it. She wants him still to be dependent on her, so that she can go on mothering him. That is what she secretly enjoys.

But it is quite time she was disillusioned.

He must make her understand that he is now independent and in no further need of that sort of affection.

It is good news that he feels rebellious.

There is no need to hurt the mother's feelings unduly, but I suggest that he tells her not to send any more physics, etc., until he asks for them. He can add that he has enough to last for twelve months.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Has Made of Him

ND here is a recent letter from a married woman:

I have taken in JOHN BULL for re years than I care to remember, and always read your page with much erest.

t is a worth-while job you are doing—ng a friend and adviser to hundreds perplexed people. But I wonder if ing the inside of so many readers' blems ever makes you depressed at thought of so much unhappiness in world?

nd what happens when you get a blem of your own? Can you always ve them satisfactorily yourself?

don't really want an answer to this, I do want to thank you for your ck reply to my earlier letter, which ered me up quite a bit. I shall cer-nly follow your sound advice.

imagine everybody has problems to e at times, but it is often impossible judge dispassionately. Emotions mour so loudly that quiet reasoning s no chance of being heard. There is ays the bias from personal motives ich may not be recognised.

t is helpful to set the problem down in ck and white, and it is advisable to mit the facts to a fair-minded friend. at is what I do myself.

n reply to the other question, it is pressing to realise how much unhappi-s exists in the world, but it is in-riting to learn how much courage re is among ordinary folk.

low much kindliness, too, when one n need of consolation.

HOPE you won't think my problem childish, *writes a mother*, but I am very worried about my little ughter of eight.

We share my father-in-law's home. is an old man, but very strong-willed, d he won't allow the girl to make the st noise.

She is afraid to play games because ndad won't like it. He is for ever ling her not to do this and not to do t until I feel I could fly at him.

My girl loves dogs passionately, and ile visiting some friends the other y she was given one as a present. We ew grandad would object at first, but ed he would relent when he saw it. t no! It had to be taken back next y.

Now she is trying to console herself h a toy dog on a string. It is only inches long, but she has been ordered t to drag it about on the floor.

The child is so unhappy, but the old n can't see it. What do you think I ght to do?

The obvious advice is to leave the use—but perhaps this is not prac-able.

It is bad for any child to be per-tually repressed by everlasting on'ts." This bottling-up of childish tivity is unnatural.

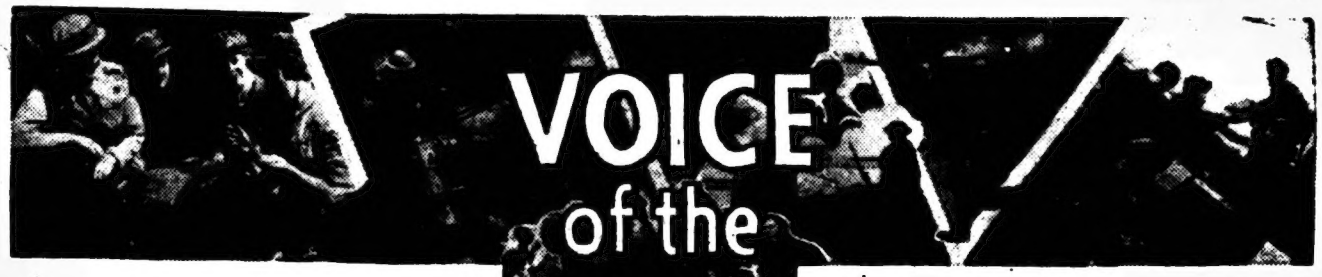
Young children need the opportunity romp, to shout, to enjoy the health d vigour of youth.

I doubt whether it is possible to make e old man change his ways. If he s not understand children no one can ke him.

I therefore suggest that the little girl kes plenty of friends and spends some her evenings with them in an atmo-ere of greater freedom.

This should carry her through the nter months.

When the lighter evenings are with us ain she will be able to spend more e out of doors and the problem will eased considerably.



OUR lads in Germany are seeing or hearing a lot of things that make them confident of victory.

We receive many letters written by British prisoners-of-war who have tricked the German censors, and one and all tell that the shadow of defeat is already falling over Germany.

To-day we give two that are typical.

In fairness to the writers, who have broken prison-camp regulations by writing in parables, we withhold names. Says one:

I am missing you more and more every day, dear, but I can sense that the birds are not troubling you so much. I don't think they will.

They are moulting very fast, dear. There can't be so many of them left, for they must have seeds to feed them, and the seed is running out very fast now.

So keep your chin up, darling, and kiss the kiddies for me. It won't be long now.

★ ★ ★

To understand the other, you have to bear in mind that the famous Leicester Rugby Football Club is known to Leicester people as "the Tigers"—and that the writer of the letter has never had any interest in Rugby football.

Do you remember what I used to tell you about the Tigers? Marvellous in the first half. Invading everybody's territory, playing hell all round, until a team like Swansea or Neath get the measure of them. Then a runaway victory for the other side.

I don't think this fault is confined to Leicester. You are going to see something similar in the big international match.

★ ★ ★

★ *If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

"JERRY" INTRUDES

Now a letter to Mrs. Phyllis Pacey, of Holmleigh, Colwall, Malvern, Worcester, from the Army pal of her husband, serving in the Middle East:

Bizley (remember him?) got three stripes all at once and handed me over the log-book of an A.10—and I became a tank driver!

The next few weeks we were busy trying to make those A.10's fearsome-looking.

Then, just as we were eating and drinking well, and beginning to notice our increasing girth, the Germans pushed their way into the party.

We took up a position on a ridge, and saw a full Panzer division, with possibly another immediately behind it, pushing into a town ahead of us.

We opened fire on him at 2,000 yards, and he began to show a bit of caution. We covered as much as 40 miles a night in the scrap that ensued, and my tank finished up in a ditch.

★ ★ ★

SO NEAR: SO FAR

For a long time Mr. and Mrs. J. Hulse, of the Lion Hotel, Runcorn, Cheshire, had no news of their brother Edgar, a soldier prisoner in Stalag IX C.

Then came a letter which gave the heartbreaking reason. He was one of the wounded men who almost got home under the exchange-of-prisoners' plan which the Germans torpedoed.

I haven't written a letter to you for a month, because I was actually on my way home.

We had a farewell concert and said good-bye to the not-so-lucky men who were not going home. We left Germany and arrived at a port of embarkation a few days later in great spirits. Only a few hours from Blighty!

Then came a suspicious hold-up, the outcome of which was a speedy return to Germany. We were told that contact between the two Governments had not been reached at the last moment.

I leave you to imagine what great disappointment it caused.

★ ★ ★

MAFEKING DAY!

Our Boer friends were once against us. One of the bloodiest battles was fought out at Mafeking.

Well, a British troop train passed through Mafeking recently. See the scene through the eyes of Leading Aircraftman Webb, who writes to Mr. A. Stokes at Upper Dumpton Park Road, Ramsgate:

At every station, at every crossing, crowds turned out to welcome us. But Mafeking was overwhelming.

The whole town turned out. What a reception! They sang to us as loudly as they could. Long tables had been placed end to end, loaded with everything a man wants to eat and drink.

Then we all joined in community singing and dancing.

When the time came for us to go, every soldier in that packed train had to join hands. Hands went through carriage windows to join the monster chain of Mafeking people holding hands. And so we sang "Auld Lang Syne."

The train moved out slowly. I felt choking round the throat, and my eyes were moist. I couldn't go to sleep. My mind was too occupied with the extreme kindness of those dear, dear people.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

BRITISH forests do not yield paper—but British forests could yield the tinder that would enable housewives to *save* paper. Yet the small wood left by our lumbermen who are chopping for victory is stacked up and burned.—W. Davis, Canvey Island, Essex.

★ ★ ★

Commanding officers who make soldiers wear white gaiters, brightly burnished brass fittings, etc., must surely have forgotten that the Army designed khaki for camouflage purposes, spent big amounts and did great research work to ensure that it should render a soldier as nearly invisible as possible.—R. P. M., Syston, Leicestershire.

★ ★ ★

Country-town solicitors, asked to surrender confidential papers and documents for salvage, would feel more reassured if illiterates were asked to handle the stuff. And so would many more people.—H. S. Wills, Aldershot.

★ ★ ★

I feel somewhat sick when I read appeals for more guns, more tanks, more 'planes. For I happen to know that munition makers are standing idle, unable to make these things, until they get more tools, more rules, more gauges.—J. H. Beever, Jones Street, Crewe.

★ ★ ★

Disgraceful that while workers' wives queue up at 10 a.m. at fishmongers who open at 11 a.m. the staff is busy taking orders from the well-to-do by telephone. Result: They enter to find little fish, but plenty of parcels awaiting delivery.—Mrs. J. G. MacFarlane, Baptist Church, Marshall Street, Edinburgh.

(*We have so many similar complaints that we should imagine this type of cheating to be rife.*—EDITOR.)

★ ★ ★

Weed out the uniformed Services (particularly the women's) and see that everybody does a real 100 per cent. war job, and we'll win this war much more quickly. We are hampered by the silly notion that A, parading in uniform, must be a war-winner, while B, wearing overalls, must be dodging something or other.—Miss B. Haynes, Smithdown Road, Liverpool.

INEXPLICABLE

WHAT is it makes the German that harsh thing, which grates upon the Universe at large? What is it makes them so grotesquely cruel and brutal in the way they Life discharge? What is it makes them thirst to stand apart, though that apartness brings them final shame? Is it self-pity whose morbidity perverts the mind and makes the soul walk lame?

WHAT is it makes the German lust to kill? What is that deep maniacal streak that brands a race that could rise to so much with the dark hallmark of a bestial Freak, who its own faults it glories to display in arrogance defiantly arrayed? What is it that can twist a Nation's Mind to minister to its own soul's degrade?

WHAT is it makes the Germans break their Youth upon the Sterile, thankless Wheel of War? What is it makes them turn to brassy Hate the Golden Horn of Life on Time's bright Shore? What is it makes them trample in the dust things men deem dearer than the Life they spend? What is this Oblique Trait that makes them quite incapable of being a NATIONAL FRIEND?

J. M.

WAR WORKERS FIRST

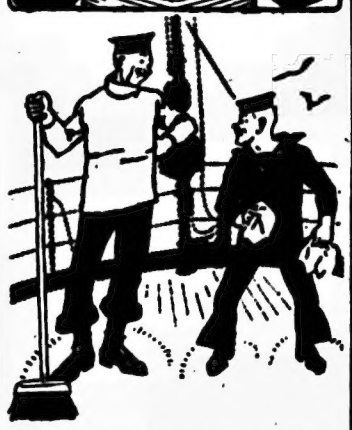
After a long shift—
MUST HE WAIT
to get on a bus?

You who can choose your time for travel—give a thought to those who *must* travel at fixed times to and from their essential jobs. If *you* board a bus, a tram or a train during the rush hours, some war worker may get left.

TRAVEL BETWEEN
10 & 4
and dont crowd out the War Workers!

Issued by the Ministry of War Transport and Ministry of Labour and National Service

BRIGHT & SMART



Said A.B. Smart to A.B. Bright: "Could anything be Slicker?

Cherry Blossom's the real stuff—it's brighter—blacker—quicker!"

Said A.B. Bright to A.B. Smart: "Jolly well said, Old Son!

For a polish that makes you proud of your boots Cherry Blossom's second to none."

CHERRY BLOSSOM
BOOT POLISH
In Black, Brown and Tonette
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CB/VF1

THE LAST LAUGH

N. D. (Workington).—"It is, of course, perfectly easy for anybody to write a lot of balderdash." We'll take your word for it.

R. J. (Aberystwyth).—"My wife made me what I am." Never mind. No doubt she did her best.

C. H. (Edwinstone).—"My girl friend says that nothing appeals to her more than a big brass band." Not even a plain gold one?

K. G. (Falmouth).—"People implicated in an unsuccessful attack on Mussolini's life are to stand their trial." This should be a warning to others to be more thorough.

F. N. (Edgware): "The vast majority of men in this country do not favour nudism." They may change their minds next summer if their wives use up all their clothing coupons.

A. E. (Carmarthen).—"I have been married for fifty years, and my wife and I never fail to have something to laugh about." The photograph of your wedding group?

Mrs. McD. (Inverness).—"I wish other men were as brave and patriotic as my husband. Although he is nearly fifty, he has joined the Army." See letter below.

A. McD. (Inverness).—"I didn't want to join the Services, but I was compelled to do so to get some peace from my wife's bickering tongue and selfish ways." See letter above.

B. T. B. (Fleetwood).—"Forty years ago, as a little girl, she lifted her face to me under the mistletoe, and I kissed her. Christmas of 1941 saw history repeating itself, for I kissed her again." Was her face lifted this time?

A. T. (Saxmundham).—"When travelling in New Zealand some years ago, I saw a wonderful thermal spring which hissed and bubbled before emitting a gush of dark-coloured tepid water." We have a geyser like that.

E. W. (Windsor).—"A German broadcast in English dealing with the hardships experienced on the Eastern Front says that the German soldiers can take it." Of course, that could not have referred to Moscow.

G. F. (Neath).—"A golfer should learn to address the ball properly." If he doesn't, how can he expect it to reach its proper destination?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus! Two tanks chargin' each other 'ead on! Wonderful! . . . No. Sorry, sir, it's a couple o' flies"

H. L. (Taunton).—"Japan has always cast covetous eyes on Australia." Italy has more modest aspirations. She hopes that, ultimately, she will get a slice of Italy.

T. W. (Ashford).—"Nearly all the members of one Home Guard unit sustained black eyes in a recent exercise." We understand, however, that Lord Woolton has refused to grant extra coupons to obtain raw steak for medicinal purposes.

R. C. (Godalming).—"Do you agree that America is supremely confident of the outcome of the war?" Well, there is no suggestion that we should send any Spam back.

Miss M. (Basingstoke).—"To hear soldiers whistling always attracts me." Especially when it means you have attracted them?

J. F. S. (Trowbridge).—"At one time I appeared with my twin sister in a double song-and-dance act on the halls, and we had some funny experiences." Did a festive gentleman in the audience ever send a note round asking the whole four of you out for supper?

Side-Slips

MID-DEVON AND NEWTON TIMES:—"Competitions were run on the same LINES as on previous occasions."

THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"She then sat down on a milking SCHOOL and started to cry."

Fynnon Salt

stops Lumbago
'when all else fails'

Wash away your rheumatic acids and your pain and stiffness will vanish. Mr. P. W. says: *"Having had pain in the small of my back for the last six months I tried nearly everything for a cure—but failed. I had only to step from the pavement to the road a bit rashly when a stabbing pain would run up my back. Then I read of Fynnon. Am now on my third tin and must say I am, and feel, better. My pains were indescribable. I cannot praise Fynnon Salt enough."*

To wash away your rheumatic acids start taking Fynnon to-day! Large tin 1/5 at all chemists. Trial size 7d. *(Including Purchase Tax).*

TRY A FORTNIGHT ON FYNNON

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middx

NO BLACK OUT FOR TEETH WITH

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½ and 1/3 Including Tax
Prices U.K. only

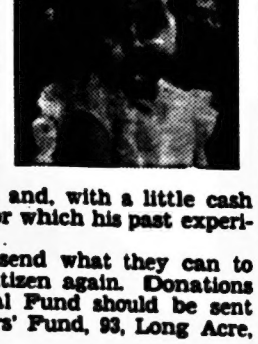
The last brushful is as effective as the first

WAR TIME PACKS
The containers in which you obtain your Gibbs Dentifrice may vary from time to time, but the high quality of the Dentifrice is maintained.

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, W.1. GD.2262

GREATEST OF THESE

(Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund.")



● The parents of this little girl—and one other—are having a hard struggle to maintain them.

The father, Mr. Wood, served in Egypt and France. After being at Dunkirk five days he was thrown from his horse by a time-bomb and sustained concussion.

After spending eight months in hospital he was discharged from the Army as permanently unfit.

Indeed, he is too frail to return to his pre-war job of farming.

His small pension is quite inadequate to maintain his family.

Yet Mr. Wood is anxious to work again and, with a little cash to make a start, he has a project in view for which his past experience fits him.

We appeal to our generous readers to send what they can to enable him to become a self-supporting citizen again. Donations earmarked "Farming" or for our General Fund should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

£25 JUDGING CONTEST

From the 7 "Bullets" given for this Contest in JOHN BULL, dated December 20, the judges' selection and placing was as below:—

(1) In Hitler's Grasp—A "Bubble," not "Globe."

(2) Britain and America—Threatened "In That Order."

(3) On And On And On—He Plodded—Aust, Applauded!

(4) Battle Of The Atlantic—We've A Share, Ashore.

The following six competitors submitted correct entries, each winning £4 3s. 6d.:—

R. B. Bartlett, 59, Attenley Rd., Southampton, Hants. J. Beard, 77, Pensbury Green Lane, St. Helens, Lancs. Mrs. L. Benson, 15, Bryn Gwyn St., Fleur de Lis, Penygam, Mon. Miss A. Cameron, Westbourne Lodge, Hartford Rd., Bexley. Mrs. A. Doyle, 5, Rydal Avenue, Blackpool. R. B. Fanshaw, Church Croft, Orleton, Ludlow, Shropshire.

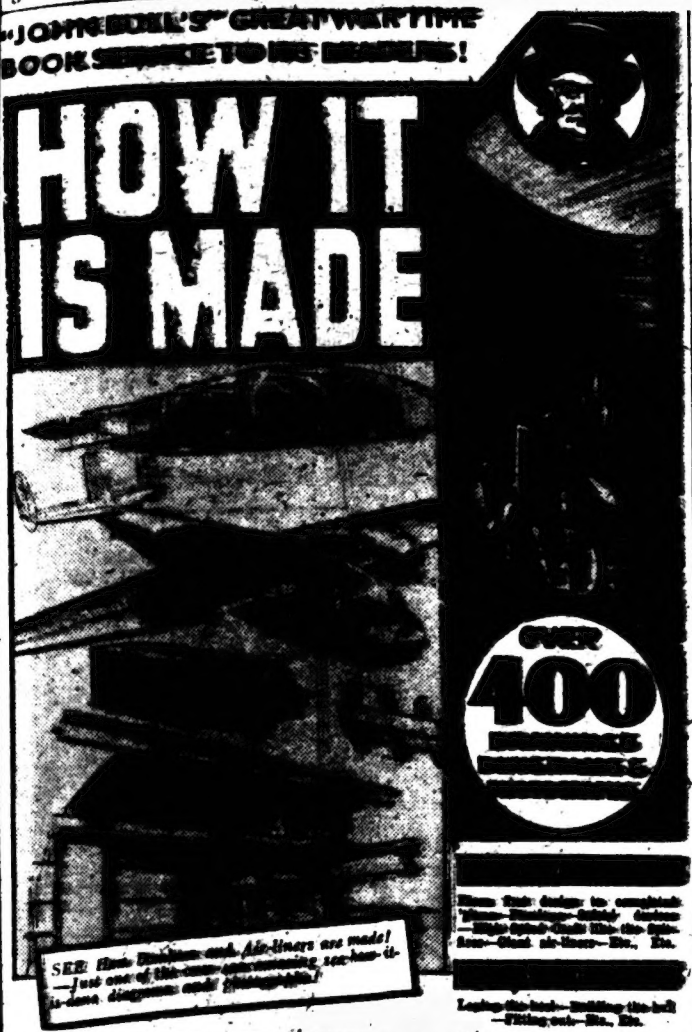
RULES—'BULLETS' & XWORDS

1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xword First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. £25 Cash Award between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

RESULTS of 2-WEEK OFFERS in 'BULLETS' 1,305 and XWORD 257 will be published NEXT WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT WAR TIME BOOK SENT FREE TO ITS READERS!

HOW IT IS MADE



OVER 400 ENGRAVINGS, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS

SEE How Dockers cook Air-liners are made! —Just one of the many interesting sea-borne it-items, diagrams and photographs.

Home Made Cough Mixture

Children Love It.

There is no need to let a cold or cough run through the family. You can make up a mixture now of which one or two doses taken at the start will kill the cold before it gets a chance to develop. Directions: Heat half a pint of water to which you add one ounce of Parmint (double strength), which is made up from ten of the most healing and soothing ingredients. You may sweeten the mixture to your own taste with any one of the following: a little sugar, or one or two spoonfuls of syrup, or juice from jam or tinned fruit. The children simply love this mixture. Take one tablespoonful four times per day, for children use a teaspoon. The Parmint (double strength) is obtainable at any good chemist. Cut out this recipe so as not to forget the ingredients and dosage.

Hold FALSE TEETH New Easy Way!

Here is a Dentist's own formula for holding a dental plate as steady as a rock. It's new—it's different. Ask your chemist for 'Dentesive,' squeeze a little on your denture (upper or lower)—then forget you have one! Eat anything without difficulty. Laugh and talk without restraint—your plate stays tightly in place, comfortably cushioned upon happy gums. Hygienic, economical, quickly applied. 'Dentesive' is the *improved* and better type of fixative now being recommended by Dentists. Gives *guaranteed* comfort, confidence and security. Price 7½d. and 1/3 in tubes at all chemists.

Grenolene ARTISTIC OINTMENT

meant "A NEW LEG -and a NEW LIFE for me!"

"A New Leg—and a New Life!" This phrase will bring you a world of new hope. They are not our words. They are the grateful expression of a woman who has enjoyed the wonderful healing power of Grenolene.

"I suffered from Varicose Ulcer for over two years," writes Mrs. F., of Durham. "I tried Grenolene and in three weeks' treatment my leg was cured. I can hardly believe it myself. A New Leg and a new life for me thanks to Grenolene."

Grenolene contains Skin Healing Magic. Feel how it soothes! See how it heals! Experience the value of its Cleansing, Germicidal action. It is the combination of all these wonderful properties which makes Grenolene the world's greatest ointment.

Sold Everywhere 7d., 1/4 and 2/3 per tin. (Including Purchase Tax)

in 3 WEEKS HER LEG WAS CURED

This Guaranteed Blemish-Test REVEALS HIDDEN BLEMISHES AND SHOWS HOW TO REMOVE THEM

£1 25 INCREASED CASH FOR ONE WEEK

FOR "John Bull" X-WORD 1st PRIZE £25 CASH

For Rules of Contest, see page 14; to write in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by enclosing letter in entry squares.	3d Entry	6d	3d
1 MANY A GALLANT SHIP [illegible] BOTTOM OF THE SEA!	R STS		
2 CHILDREN ARE USUALLY [illegible] MASSAGE IS THERAPEUTIC	FE		
3 CROPS WILL [illegible] HARDER IF GARDENER RAKES DEEPLY	HEA		
4 HOCKEY PLAYER [illegible] LIKE TO BREAK	S IN		
5 SOMETIMES [illegible] AS AN ITCH	APE		
6 MEDIEVAL [illegible] WERE OFTEN WRAPPED UP IN	MAT		
7 INFLUENCE [illegible] YOUTH [illegible]	CH		
8 YOU'LL GET [illegible] BETTER WHEN [illegible]	CO		
9 OCCASIONALLY [illegible] FORWARD	FO L		
10 MAY DESIGNER [illegible] ON [illegible]	OOK		
11 MANY GAIN [illegible] WRITING [illegible]	NEA		
12 MANY PEOPLE [illegible] PREFER BY TIN	EN		
13 OCCASIONALLY [illegible]	MIN		
14 NAVAL OFFICER'S HAT [illegible]	B RTH		

FREE ENTRIES. Send in entries at rate of 6d. for each 6 coupons submitted. Envelopes MUST be used with each 6d. paid. Entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of 6d. per entry.

Closing Postmark MIDN., JAN. 26.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose [illegible] P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Bullets" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value.... No.....

Signed .....

Address .....

(No. 260)

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With X-words you may enclose "Bullets" —one entry-fee covers both entries.

3s. 6d. "BULLETS" HANDBOOK

Enclose with a "Bullets" and/or X-word entry value 2s. a large addressed envelope bearing 3½d. postage. In return you will receive ABSOLUTELY FREE the 256-page illustrated "Bullets" Handbook, published at 3s. 6d., which marked "Bullets" 25th Birthday.

FREE TO FIRST 1,000 APPLICANTS!

PRIZES Value nearly £200 BULLETS FIRST PRIZE £50 CASH [illegible] FIRST PRIZE WIRE FRIDAY FEB. 6

USE ANY OF THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE, or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below.

BRITANNIA EXPECTS
DARK DAYS
VICTORY DRAWS NEARER, BUT
APPROACHING
OUR PRIDE
GERMAN ARMY
SEEING THE RED LIGHT
NOT A MAN
APPALLING
HER: SIT.
NOW [illegible]
IF WE THINK
IN PUBLIC

ACCORDING TO THE RULES
NOT WORTH A DAMN
IN THE STRUGGLE
LITTLE [illegible]
FIRM AS A ROCK
WHAT HAPPENED WAS
CIVILISATION'S FAMILY

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

WAR ON THE.....
MAN WHO'S AS.....
MY WIFE AND.....
OUR DAILY .....
GOING TO THE.....
JUST WHAT SHE.....

For Rules and £25 Contest Result, see page 14.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

THIS [illegible] may be endorsed with each four paid—plain paper entries allowed.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this Coupon, including 1d. for "Bullets" and "Gazette."

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,306 Closing Postmark [illegible] JAN. 26.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,306—or Xword No. 260, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

THE MOST INTERESTING AND PROFITABLE BOOK EVER PUBLISHED

To-day, as never before, everyone wants to know "what's inside"—[illegible], ships, roads, railways, films, cars, [illegible], etc., are readily. This week JOHN BULL, under its Great War Time Book Service to Readers, invites everyone to secure "HOW IT IS MADE." The book contains 256 big pages, over 100,000 words, and more than 400 explanatory photographs, drawings and diagrams, which reveal hundreds of enthralling facts about the wonders of engineering and mechanics, artisans and buildings—from a giant ocean-liner to a needle, a bomber to a gramophone record.

"John Bull" makes it available at a low privilege price. Supplies are strictly limited. All applications dealt with in strict rotation. You send no money now for this book, but you must apply at once on the Order Label below.

To visit a shipyard, an automobile factory, an aircraft works, to see the making of roads, tunnels and railways, to roam over a film studio, to see bridges being built through all their stages, to visit a newspaper office—will be a thrilling experience for you. Even to see how your own wireless set is made will bring many surprises. How far you to revealed the practical knowledge, enterprise and genius of the greatest engineers, scientists, inventors and builders of all time!

Size, 9 in. by 6 in. Bound in Blue Book-cloth, embossed in gold.

All you need do now is complete your invitation to-day, publish the application carriage, [illegible] etc.

DO THIS NOW

Fill in Order Label on right. Affix penny stamp to space provided for your Special Privilege Invoice and printed matter, and post at once in an unsealed envelope, bearing a penny stamp, to: OSHAMS PRESS LTD., "HOW IT IS MADE," BOOK DEPT., Affix-stamps Hanging, Herts. On receipt of Order Label, you will be sent an Invoice, which you then send back together with remittance, and your volume will be dispatched, carriage paid.

YOUR FOR ONLY 4/- [illegible] POST FORM NOW

"HOW IT IS MADE"

A penny stamp affixed in this space will bring you the Special Privilege Invoice

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire.

J.S.4. 1771/42

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THE MEAL-TIME DRINK THAT IS A FOOD AS WELL

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. It has a delicious, tempting, chocolatey flavour. Ask your grocer for Rowntree's Cocoa today and make it your regular meal-time drink.

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
makes every meal go further

—and so can you!

In Beecham's Pills you have the perfect laxative. Gently and naturally they put the bowels in order and the good effect is felt all over the body. You *need* better health in times like these—so get some Beecham's Pills to-day!

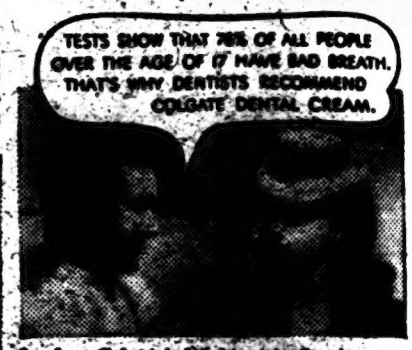
Beecham's Pills

Purely vegetable.

Prices in Gt. Britain (inc. Purch. Tax) 1/4 & 3/3 per box. Also in Pennsylvania.

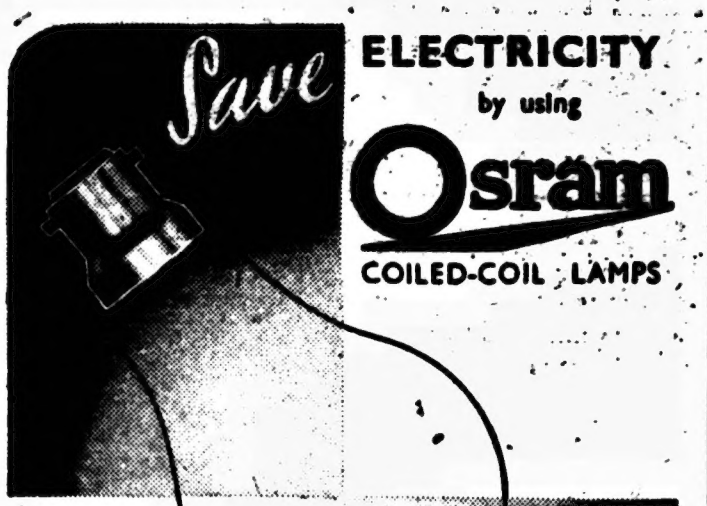
IF it is, then look to your breath! For bad breath is just too much for love to cope with! And if you think YOU haven't got it, then bear this fact in mind . . .

"You see, Colgate's active penetrating foam gets into the hidden crevices between teeth . . . helps clean out decaying food particles and stops those decay-breeding deposits that cause much bad breath."



See how Colgate's brilliant foam gives you a sweet, sparkling, 2 minute protective smile! Enjoy the flavour . . . its penetrating, refreshing foam! Such a pleasant way to combat bad breath!

THE LARGEST TUBE AT THE PRICE
3 sizes: 7½d., 1/1, 1/10½d.
Including Tax.



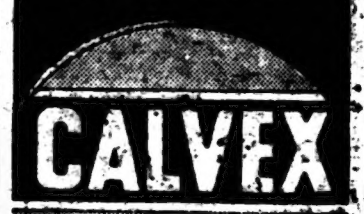
ELECTRICITY by using **Osram** COILED-COIL LAMPS

Economise in electricity—but be sure of getting the utmost value from the current you use by fitting OSRAM coiled-coil lamps. They give up to 20% more light for the same current consumption.

A G.E.C. PRODUCT

Advt. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Your Chemist recommends—



A very effective remedy for burns, scalds, chilblains, chapped hands, chafed skin, piles, ulcers, and other skin ailments.

CALVEX OINTMENT

A CALVERT PRODUCT

RHEUMATISM
BACKACHE, LUMBAGO

Sloans Liniment kills the pain. Just a few drops gently applied and, almost at once, you feel a soothing warmth steal through the tortured joint or muscle: the pain begins to fade away and soon stops. Don't suffer. Use Sloans at the first sign of pain.

Use Sloans also for lumbago, backache, sciatica, neuralgia, neuralgia, sprains and strains and get quick relief. Get a bottle from the nearest chemist now. At all chemists and stores.

SLOANS Liniment KILLS PAIN

CURES COUGHS, COLDS AND SORE THROATS

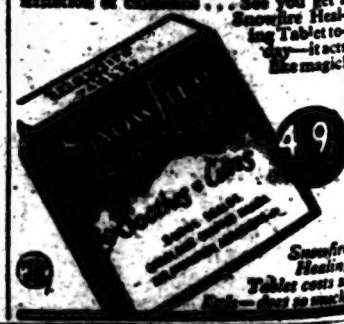
Menthol, Eucalyptus and Glycose are among the many health-protecting ingredients contained in Jilps, all highly recommended by doctors. Buy Jilps whenever you can, supplies are restricted these days.

4d

Made by the Devonshire Confectionery Co. Ltd., Eastbourne

CHAPS CRACKS CHILBLAINS BURNS

Now! An amazing healing tablet that heals cracked, chapped work-scarred hands overnight—one that takes the sting right out of burns, that stops at once the maddening irritation of chilblains . . . See you get a Snowfire Healing Tablet to-day—it acts like magic!



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J.B.L. 207 ★ 198